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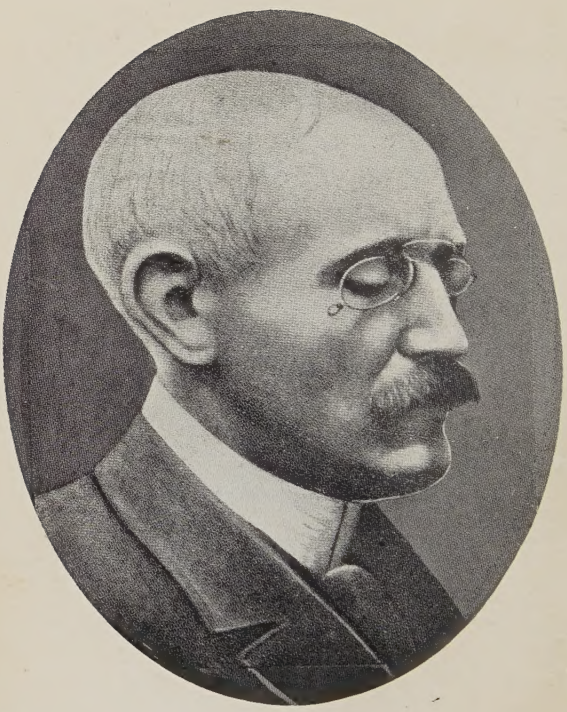

Photo by] [*E. G. Gooch*

ALFRED DREYFUS AFTER HIS REHABILITATION

DREYFUS

By

WALTHER STEINTHAL

Translated from the German by

CAPTAIN RAYMOND JOHNES

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I

SUSPICION

I

SUSPICION

TOWARDS the end of 1893, when General Mercier was Minister for War, the French General Staff began to feel a certain uneasiness, which increased week by week.

Strange things were happening; strange rumours passed from one officer to another. Very few knew anything definite.

France was still licking her wounds after her great defeat two decades before—and what is twenty years? All the feelings and instincts of a beaten nation were still raw; wounded honour, disappointment, shame and thirst for revenge. The Paris of the streets was in love with the Army as one loves a sick child; whilst in the *salons* as well, reconstruction of the Army and, at some distant date, *la Revanche*, were fashionable topics of conversation. Most of the officers belonged to the old aristocracy, which felt itself to be the natural protector of law and order after being called upon for help in the days of the Commune. These officers hated the Republic and did all they could to hinder its progress. At the head of the Army, they felt that they owed no allegiance to a Republic in which bourgeois and Jews were the leaders and of which they

hardly formed part. They conceived themselves rather as the incarnation of a great antithesis; and saw in the armed power which was in their keeping a weapon to oppose the development of the reigning policy. In themselves they incorporated the ancient traditions of the nation.

The "welfare of the Nation" was their pet phrase; but they always spoke of the State, never of the Republic; and when they spoke of the welfare of the National cause, they meant no good to that of the Republic. Yet the officers were the idols of the Parisian populace, which trusted blindly in them to blot out its rankling shame. It must have got very far from the idea prevalent under the Commune, that the military chiefs were responsible for defeat. For the Parisians, the guilt lay with the victims which the militarist and chauvinist and the clerico-monarchistic Press served up to them, either directly, or under the disguise of philosophical and political articles. We have not far to seek; the Jews were the culprits. Just as it happened during the years of chaos in Germany, modern anti-Semitism, scientifically dressed up, had made tremendous strides. Clerical policy had fed it with Christian social doctrines and ideals; the purely national party, harder and more materialistic, with political ones. Jews in the State, Jews in commerce and intellectual life; Jews in

the administrative services and Jews in the Army must have been responsible for defeat. The corrupting influences of this foreign race had weakened the whole body politic; they had been at the root of the Commune; they inspired Socialism and Republicanism and led France astray from her true national character. The expression "a stab in the back" was not in use then; but the omission must have been accidental.

Suddenly, new events arose to contribute to this prejudiced state of mind. At first, only a few of the initiated and semi-initiated were aware of what was going on. Finally Colonel Sandherr, the Director of the so-called Statistical section of the Ministry of War, made his official report to the Minister. It was a matter that could only be discussed behind locked doors.

Treason was in the air.

* * *

Some startling discoveries had already been made in 1893; and now things were going from bad to worse. Documents disappeared, very important documents concerning the defence of the country, maps, plans of fortresses, copies of secret instructions and much besides. Though no one knew who had taken these documents, their destination was no matter for conjecture. Two industrious men were organising espionage against

the French Army in Paris; the German military attaché, von Schwartzkoppen, and his Italian colleague, Colonel Panizzardi. The General Staff had been aware of their activities for a long time and had, of course, set its own counter-espionage in motion. Their principle was not to check the hostile espionage, but to supply it with false information. They maintained a regular small army of false spies, whose business it was to be bought by Germany and Italy for their Secret Service and to deliver *canards* to their employers. These were supplied to them direct by the General Staff, which had a regular factory of false returns, mobilisation plans and march orders. Some of these agents succeeded in gaining the confidence of their German chief to such an extent that they were able not only to dupe the German General Staff by means of false documents and dates, but also to glean information from the Germans about their own system of espionage and occasionally to betray a real German spy to the French authorities.

Apart from these agents, the French Intelligence Service had a valuable if humble ally in the buildings of the German Embassy itself. Madame Bastian, a servant of the German ambassador, had the free run of the house; and she delivered the contents of the Military Attaché's waste-paper basket to the Statistical

Office of the French General Staff—the Intelligence Service—at regular intervals. For this, she received a regular monthly salary.

The whole atmosphere was naturally rather disgusting. There were officers and officials who, in the course of their duties and the interests of their country, were regularly trained in forging documents from an entirely moral point of view; forgery, the imitation of handwriting and similar arts became for them a proud and patriotic duty; a state of affairs not lacking a dangerous aspect. One of Sandherr's men boasted that he had already taught his ten-year-old son to forge signatures perfectly. The moral effect was deplorable. Officials whose natural feelings of truth and honesty had been so systematically blunted were bound to undergo moral deterioration. There was a danger that the weapon of forgery might occasionally be turned to other uses than the deception of the enemy, once a man could persuade himself that there was nothing wrong in it *a priori*. And it was a temptation to every official to play a double game—to get well paid for a piece of genuine information now and then and to make a good living out of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. In any case, this system of defence was by no means watertight. This was now being painfully impressed on Colonel Sandherr and on General Mercier,

the Minister for War. Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi were not content with the poisoned bacon; they managed to get good meat as well. Commandant Henry was the officer deputed by Sandherr to reassemble the scraps stolen from the German military attaché; he had already been able to submit some very remarkable items to his chief out of the waste-paper basket. It was apparent, beyond the shadow of doubt, that Schwartzkoppen's espionage met with a measure of success; that he received and paid other spies than those who were prepared for him; and that he sometimes got hold of valuable information concerning fortifications, railways, and the movements of troops. What was more, it seemed that no less a person than the Kaiser himself directed and occasionally inspired Schwartzkoppen's espionage operations.

It was enough to make anyone nervous. Who were the traitors? That there was an officer among them was certain. How long had he been working in the German interest? How far had his treasonable activities extended; what plans and documents had he already handed over; what damage had he been able to do so far? Were the Germans acquainted only with certain details, or were they already familiar with broad tracts of the scheme of national defence? Could it be that years of Staff work had been in vain

and that all plans would have to be changed? And what would happen if the enemy took advantage of this confusion to make his attack to-morrow?

General Mercier, the Minister for War, was an extremely vain man who had no wish to lose his portfolio. He had already passed the zenith of his career; he had managed to scrape through several crises of the kind which his position involved. The nationalist as well as the radical papers had attacked him at times; and his situation in the Chamber had become a little absurd. His position was not indeed shaken; neither was it quite stable any longer. So this espionage business was a personal misfortune for him. If any of these occurrences became public property, he would be seriously in danger. The chauvinistic Press would brand him as the man under whose leadership the system of national defence had been sold to the enemy.

* * *

Then the bomb burst. About the end of September 1894, Commandant Henry produced a new find; and this find produced a panic. According to Henry, it had come from the usual source, namely Schwartzkoppen's waste-paper basket. It was an unsigned, undated letter addressed to Schwartzkoppen and written on

thin, transparent paper. When it was submitted to Sandherr, the horizontal tears, dividing it into four pieces which Henry had stuck together, were plainly to be seen. It appeared to be a covering letter sent with certain military communications—in fact, a detailed and numbered list of them. From that time on, this document, the secret of which puzzled the whole world for ten years, was known as "the *bordereau*". The text ran as follows:

Having no news as to whether you wish to see me, I send you in any case some interesting information.

1. A description of the hydraulic recoil-buffer of the 120-mm. gun and the manner of operating it.
2. Details concerning covering troops. (The new plan contains some changes.)
3. Details of some changes in Artillery units.
4. Something concerning Madagascar.
5. The projected Field Artillery Manual of March 14, 1894.

The last-named document has been very difficult to secure and I only have it for a few days. The Minister has sent a certain number to Corps, for which they are responsible. Every officer in possession of a copy must return it after manœuvres are over. So if you will copy out whatever is of use to you and have the original ready for me, I will collect it. Or perhaps you would prefer that I should copy out the whole thing and send it to you. I am now going on manœuvres.

The excitement was intense. Now it was quite certain that the traitor was an officer. In the Ministry, it was assumed that he was a Staff Officer. The ground for this assumption was the report already received from a reliable agent that Schwartzkoppen's spy was on the French General Staff. And the authorities acted henceforth on this assumption, in spite of the fact that certain technical inexactitudes and other indications rather pointed to an officer of the Line. The *bordereau* was photographed and circulated very discreetly through the various departments in order to identify the handwriting. This was at first unsuccessful. But on the 6th of October came the turning-point. One d'Aboville, an officer on the General Staff, pointed out to Colonel Fabre, of the Fourth Bureau, who was one of his superiors, that the traitor must be an artilleryman; the gunnery details of the letter showed that; and the wide range of subjects showed that he must be a General Staff probationer. Indeed, only a probationer could have been through so many departments in so short a time to be able to collect information on such diverse subjects as war formations, artillery manuals, Madagascar and mobilisation plans; whereas other officers were more or less specialised. In this way, the suspicion was narrowed down to a probationer who was also a gunner; this left

only four or five officers. D'Aboville and Colonel Fabre went through this list together. And d'Aboville, who, by the way, was known to be a violent anti-Semite, suddenly paused at a certain name—he gave his chief one significant, silent look.

It was decided to obtain a specimen of Captain Dreyfus' handwriting.

II

THE ARREST

II

THE ARREST

In the meantime, October had come. And on the first of October, Captain Dreyfus had finished his period of probation on the General Staff and had been posted to a regiment of the Line in Paris. But it was an easy matter to obtain specimens of his handwriting. D'Aboville and Fabre made comparisons; and they would have been very disappointed to find no resemblance between the *bordereau* and Captain Dreyfus' handwriting, now that they were fairly on the track of a solution. There was, in fact, a resemblance. Both hands were slanting, showing only moderate pressure; the similarity of the heavily crossed T was obvious at the first glance; and certain words, "Artillery", for example, were very much alike. To d'Aboville and Fabre, they appeared not only similar but identical. Furthermore, Colonel Fabre remembered that his personal impression of Dreyfus had not been a particularly good one and that he had not been very well spoken of in the Fourth Bureau. He had at the time said as much in his report on Dreyfus, which, whilst recognising certain qualities, came to the conclusion that his whole character and his mental processes in general

were not those to be expected in an officer; and that he was unsuitable for General Staff duties. His chief informant for this report was a half-Jewish officer of the Bureau, who distinguished himself by his talent for assimilation; and we know well enough what anti-Semite superiors, judges or teachers mean when they criticise a person's "whole character and mental processes in general". The fact that he was a Jew had made it difficult for Dreyfus to enter the General Staff in the first place; nor had he succeeded in making himself popular during his period of probation.

He was an Alsatian by birth. His parents had opted for France at the time of the annexation and only his brother had remained behind in Mülhausen to take charge of the factory in which the entire family fortunes were invested. Like nearly all those who emigrated in consequence of the Treaty of Frankfurt, the Dreyfus family was rather chauvinistic than otherwise. Captain Alfred Dreyfus himself had a share of the family fortune amounting to about half a million; so there was no possible motive for the crime of high treason. Colonel Sandherr solved this doubt by declaring that the matter would be incomprehensible in any other case, but that Dreyfus was a Jew; that was enough.

Sandherr was at that time already suffering

from creeping paralysis, in consequence of which he retired shortly afterwards and of which he died some time later. He had always been an anti-Semite; but his opinions had developed into frenzied hate since the beginning of his illness. Shortly before this case, he had disturbed a military ceremony in the Vosges by commenting aloud to the spectators on the deep emotion and tears of a Jew who was taking part in it:

"I distrust these tears; I cannot trust any Jew."

* * *

General Mercier, who was Minister for War, saw clearly what had to be done. A number of officers knew of the treasonable document; and the Press might bring disaster down upon him any day. For him, the matter was a race with rumour; he had to produce a culprit before the scandal became public property. Fortunately, he had a culprit ready to produce. And the sooner that culprit was arrested, the better.

* * *

Colonel Sandherr, Commandant Henry and Commandant du Paty de Clam, another General Staff Officer who had been drawn into the affair, sensed the unpleasant predicament of the Minister for War. They realised that something must be done at once and that the quarry must not be allowed to

escape. To give a formal countenance to the accusation, they called in Gobert, the Bank of France's handwriting expert. He compared the two scripts—and declared that they were not the same.

That was a blow; but it did not hold them up for long. When photographs of the writing were being prepared, the Chief of the Judicial Identification Department of the Police, Alphonse Bertillon, the undistinguished son of a famous father, had made himself very useful. In spite of the fact that he was not a graphologist, but, on the contrary, treated graphology more as a superstition, he declared his readiness to give an opinion if called upon.

Now Bertillon's opinion was more than expert; it was oracular. Provided that the supposition of a carefully disguised handwriting could be set aside, then the accused was the man who wrote the *bordereau*. The accusers were not meticulous; Bertillon's good will was sufficient for the time being and Fate marched on her course. Mercier informed the Cabinet that he had his hand on a suspect. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Governor of Paris warned him against precipitate action, which might have serious consequences abroad. The Cabinet authorised Mercier to continue investigations cautiously, but said nothing about making an arrest.

But Mercier could no longer go back. He had found himself compelled to report the matter to the Cabinet—to civilians—and the secret was out. Dreyfus must be put under lock and key; when the first attacks of the Press against the slackness with which vital secrets were guarded materialised, the Minister for War would be in a position to say: "The Army is saved".

The Cabinet Council took place on the 11th of October; on the 14th, Mercier gave orders for the arrest. And now du Paty de Clam pushed himself into the foreground. This man was a Staff Officer without talent, a Marquis, a precious æsthete who had written novels, an occultist and a friend of the Jesuits; an uncertain quantity, with an uncanny, rather nasty passion for intrigues, for criminology and complications; a suspiciously romantic personage with a murky past. He was the right man for the job; and the job was worthy of the man.

Dreyfus received orders to report himself at the Ministry for War on Monday the 15th of October at 9 a.m. for a general inspection of Staff probationers—in mufti. At the same time, the Director of the Military Prison of Cherche-Midi was instructed to hold himself in readiness to receive a French officer who was accused of high treason. He was instructed to keep his prisoner a secret and not to report, even to the

Governor of Paris, under whose orders the prison was. The director of the prison declined to comply with a further order to treat the prisoner, not as one under arrest awaiting trial, but as one already sentenced, pointing out that this would be illegal. After these preparations, it was further decided to place a service revolver conveniently near the accused, so that Dreyfus might have an opportunity of shooting himself.

It seemed to Dreyfus that nine o'clock in the morning was an unusual hour for a general inspection. But he reported himself punctually. These inspections were generally held in groups; and he was astonished not to see any brother officers. Commandant Picquart of the General Staff received him and asked him to come into his office.

Picquart made small talk with him for a few minutes before taking him into the office of the Chief of the General Staff. Here he found Commandant du Paty de Clam in conversation with Cochefert, the Chief of the Sûreté. His secretary and a clerk of the Archives Department named Gribelin were also present. Du Paty's scheme was to create psychological evidence of guilt against the accused before arresting him—more from an artistic point of view than anything else, as no one doubted any longer that he was guilty. The order to the Director of

the prison had already been issued; and the warrant from the Minister for War which du Paty had in his portfolio was unconditional. But the Marquis found himself absolutely in his element; he had staged his great scene. Dreyfus stood to attention in front of him, as usual, a little awkwardly. There was much of the Alsatian manner about him; he was rather dry, angular in his movements and lacking any charm. A biggish, clumsy man, with high, round shoulders and the face of a book-worm, whose eyes seemed cold and expressionless behind their pince-nez. No charming gallant this, not the *beau-idéal* of an officer. His voice was dry and creaky; it had even been commented on unfavourably in his confidential reports. Du Paty had occasionally come in contact with this man, whom no one really liked. Of course, he had barely noticed him and was unfamiliar with his manner. In that morning's interview he remarked for the first time the shy and rather inhibited personality of the Captain. Perhaps he took it for a merely temporary phenomenon, for an expression of callousness.

With a winning manner, which concealed a strange, important undertone and not altogether free from awkwardness himself, he said to Dreyfus:

"General de Boisdeffre will be here in a

moment. In the meantime, you might do something for me. I have a letter to write, but I have a bad finger. Would you mind writing it for me?"

A strange situation. No general inspection; but the Chief of the Paris Sûreté is standing by the window. And now Dreyfus is asked to write a letter, although the adjoining rooms are full of clerks.

He bows in assent. Du Paty points to a little table on which writing materials are standing ready. Commandant du Paty sits down beside Dreyfus and watches his right hand closely. Cochefert and the others move up. First, Dreyfus has to fill in an Inspection form; then the letter begins.

Du Paty dictates from memory:

PARIS, *October 15th*, 1894

DEAR SIR,

I must request you urgently to return the papers which I sent you before I went on manœuvres.

This was a reference to the *bordereau*. Would Dreyfus appear nervous when confronted with this text? The author of the *bordereau* had said at the end of his letter that he was about to go on manœuvres. Curiously enough, neither d'Aboville, Fabre, Sandherr, Mercier, nor du Paty de Clam seemed to mind that Dreyfus had not

been on manœuvres at all. D'Abboville had consoled them by saying that, if it was not manœuvres, it was a staff tour.

Dreyfus went on writing and du Paty continued the dictation:

I will remind you that I am referring, in the first place, to the hydraulic recoil-buffer for the 120-mm. gun and its use in the field.

And now du Paty, with his eyes popping out of his head, hissed:

"Why, what is the matter with you? You're trembling!"

The question as to whether Dreyfus was perturbed in this situation or not played a great part in his trial later on. The degree of his excitement was taken seriously as an indication of his guilt or innocence. There are pages and pages of evidence on this one point. As if the awkward and uneasy situation in which he found himself pitchforked would not have been amply sufficient to make him nervous and uneasy. Du Paty's later evidence on this point was contradictory. At one time he said that Dreyfus trembled; the second time, that he showed no uneasiness. But his conclusion was altogether reliable and never varied. The trembling was evidence of a guilty conscience; if he did not tremble, it was a sign that he had already been

warned and that only a hardened criminal could have controlled himself so well. One may well ask what was the object of the whole experiment, when either of the two possible results gave evidence of his guilt. On being asked in Court why he continued to provoke Dreyfus when he saw that he did *not* tremble, du Paty replied that he was trying to shake his assurance.

Dreyfus saw only hostility in the comment and pulled himself together; he imagined that du Paty's rude remarks referred to his bad handwriting. Besides this, it was a very cold October morning with a North wind. Dreyfus himself had only been in a warm room for a few minutes. So he answered that his fingers were cold.

"Secondly, information concerning garrisons. Thirdly, information concerning Madagascar."

Dreyfus was now writing perfectly clearly and boldly. Any further play-acting would have been superfluous; and du Paty arose. He stood up and enjoyed the great historical moment of his mediocre career.

"Captain Dreyfus, I arrest you in the name of the law. You are charged with high treason."

Dreyfus stared at him without uttering a word. Finally, disjointed utterances came from his lips. Stammering he protested, defended himself. The Chief of the Sûreté and his satellite seized the

accused and searched him. He offered no resistance, but cried:

"Take my keys, go to my flat and open everything. I am innocent."

At last he cried out in the bitterness of his despair; he was now like a man poised on the very brink of madness. And at this moment, du Paty drew away the file under which the revolver had been concealed in readiness.

When Dreyfus' eyes fell on it, he shouted wildly:

"Put a bullet through my head!"

Du Paty stepped backward, as if to leave his prisoner alone with the revolver.

"It is not for us to kill you."

Dreyfus gazed at the weapon for a moment; he stretched out his hand. A second of hesitation; then he pulled himself together and grew calmer.

"No. I will live to prove my innocence."

All this time, Commandant Henry had been waiting behind a curtain, watching the play. He now stepped out and took Dreyfus in charge.

And the gates of Cherche-Midi closed on their prey.

III

MERCIER

III

MERCIER

About midday, du Paty, to whom the investigation of the case had been entrusted, appeared at Dreyfus' home. Dreyfus had been married a few years and had two children.

After he had informed Madame Dreyfus of the arrest, he advised her to keep the matter quiet.

"Only silence can save your husband", he said.

She believed him and said nothing to anyone for days, not even to their near relations. She was not even told to which prison her husband had been sent.

The search of the flat was fruitless. Du Paty had particularly hoped to find specimens of the peculiar striped paper on which the *bordereau* was written; he had counted on some indications of an irregular life. He was disappointed in both.

His report at the Ministry for War on the same day was a model of classic brevity.

"How did the dictation go off?"

"The Jew turned pale at the first words; his handwriting got very shaky and then, suddenly, he threw down his pen."

"Did he confess?"

"He denies everything; but his words did not ring true."

"What did you find when you searched his flat?"

"He had already made away with everything."

Dreyfus says in his Memoirs:

When I arrived at the prison, I was taken to a cell the window of which opened on the yard used by convicted prisoners. I was kept absolutely secret and was not even allowed to communicate with my relatives. I was not permitted to have paper, pen or pencil. For the first few days, I was subjected to the régime of convicted prisoners; this illegal procedure was soon altered. The persons who brought me my food always came accompanied by a Sergeant and a warder—the warder who alone had the key of my cell. No one was allowed to speak to me.

Finding myself in this dark cell, after the nightmare scene I had been through and the monstrous accusation, I fell into a state of maniacal excitement. I bellowed with pain, ran round the cell and knocked my head against the walls. The Commandant of the prison came with the turnkey and succeeded in calming me a little. I gladly testify that Commandant Forzinetti, the Director of the prison, succeeded in combining the greatest kindness and humanity with the strictest interpretation of his military duty.

Forzinetti, when giving evidence at the trial, testified that he had observed Dreyfus closely and had been unable to believe in his guilt for a moment. He stated that the state of the accused got worse and worse during the first ten days. He ate nothing; he could be heard from the

CAPTAIN DREYFUS AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST TRIAL

GENERAL MERCIER

corridor weeping, crying out and protesting his innocence. He flung himself against the wall, often with such force as to injure himself.

On the 24th of October, Forzinetti went to the Ministry for War to report. General de Boisdeffre asked him:

"Forzinetti, you are a judge of men and you know a guilty man when you see him. What do you think of Dreyfus?"

Forzinetti replied:

"Since you have asked me, Sir, I must answer you. I think that you are on the wrong track. Dreyfus is as innocent as I am."

Boisdeffre remarked on this occasion:

"The Minister for War has given me *carte blanche*; but he had better settle his Dreyfus affair for himself." The prison Commandant deduced that Boisdeffre was already convinced of Dreyfus' innocence.

The methods of interrogation affected by Commandant du Paty in his daily visits to the prison had a great deal to do with the prisoner's ghastly state of mind. Du Paty had mediæval ideas of torture. When he came for the first time, he asked the Governor of the Prison whether he had any powerful electric projectors with which to surprise Dreyfus and unnerve him. Forzinetti replied that he had come to the wrong place; no such apparatus was available and

he would not in any event countenance such methods.

Du Paty's interrogations were extremely rigorous. His chief efforts were directed to securing a specimen of Dreyfus' handwriting which could be produced as evidence against him. He accordingly made him write in a sitting position, then standing up; sitting down and standing up again; sitting and standing, wearing a glove; sitting and using a broad nib, standing, with a glove and a broad nib. At the same time, he constantly put the same question to Dreyfus, who invariably answered it in the same way. Every word he said came back to the declaration:

"I did not write the *bordereau*; I knew nothing about it. I have never committed an indiscretion concerning my duties; I have never had any relations whatsoever with a representative of a foreign power."

He accused no one else and admitted the superficial resemblance of the two handwritings. He was unable to say whether or not he might have been the victim of a private grudge. He had hitherto believed that he had never made any real enemies.

* * *

The scandal in the Press started at the end of October. It was even worse than Mercier had

feared. The hunt began with a short notice in the nationalistic-clerical *Libre Parole*, which got most of its news from military circles. On the 29th of October, it hinted for the first time that a spy had been arrested. Later investigation proved that the source of information was a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Libre Parole*:

My dear Friend,

My news is correct. The prisoner is Captain Dreyfus, who lives at No. 6, Rue du Trocadéro. He was arrested on the 15th of October for espionage and is confined in Cherche-Midi. It is said that he is away travelling, but that is a lie. All Israel is trying to hush up the affair.

Yours,
Henry.

It hardly admits of doubt that this Henry was any other than Commandant Henry of the Intelligence Department, who had been one of the principal wire-pullers of the play from the beginning. The editorial staff of the *Libre Parole* would neither admit nor deny it when interrogated; and the letter itself was no longer to be found. Journalists besieged the Ministry for War, but they were given no news. So fancy embarked on the wildest flights. Paris was flooded with rumours. On the 30th of October, Mercier had to face a violent attack in the Chamber, concern-

ing various matters that had nothing to do with the Dreyfus case; he lost his nerve. Then, on the 1st of November, the *Libre Parole* produced the great sensation, with enormous headlines:

HIGH TREASON. ARREST OF JEWISH OFFICER, A. DREYFUS.

The article read:

The officer arrested for high treason belongs to the General Staff. The reason why the affair has been kept so quiet is that he is a Jew. He was arrested a fortnight ago and has confessed everything. We have certain proofs that secret papers have been sold to Germany. He is confined in Cherche-Midi under an alias. Efforts are being made to allow him to escape to Mülhausen, where his relations live.

There were no limits to the scare in the nationalist Press. The papers had no idea what had really happened, so they made up their own stories. The secret mobilisation plans had been sold to the Germans; thanks to the roguery of this Jewish traitor, France would be at the mercy of her enemies for years. All the unsolved espionage cases of recent times were explained: Dreyfus. Secret agents had been sent abroad in the interests of national defence; this vile creature had betrayed them to the enemy, handed them over to dungeons or to death. Column after column of unending cloak and

dagger stuff. Dreyfus, Dreyfus, Dreyfus. They had caught him, the man who had been tapping France's veins, who had sold his country for thirty pieces of silver. Agitation began for the re-introduction of the death penalty for high treason, which had been abolished since 1848. But there was one bright spot in all this delirium; the traitor was a Jew. The *Petit Journal* raved: "He is not a Frenchman". The whole population was excited beyond belief—it would swallow anything. Anti-Semitism rose to a pitch never before experienced in France; at that time every Frenchman, without exception, was an anti-Semite. Had any party at that moment demanded a General Election with a programme of outlawing or expelling the Jews, it would have swept the country. It was the last great moment of Jesuitry, the irreconcilable adversary of the all too radical Jewish spirit. The whole country fell into one monstrous fit. But Mercier was in greater danger than any one—he was worse off than the Jews, against whom pogroms were being preached at public meetings. He was in league with the traitor brood. Why had he kept silent for fourteen days? Because he was negotiating with the Jews; because he was willing to hush up the affair. This man, under whose régime a war had been lost, secretly, without a sword being drawn or a shot fired—

this man was making terms for the carcase of the *canaille*; terms to save the face of almighty Jewry!

* * *

His bridges were burnt; his own existence was in peril. The fate of the Jew was sealed. Mercier made up his mind to do what was necessary.

On the 1st of November, he reported the arrest of Dreyfus and obtained permission for further proceedings. Further proceedings!—when two weeks of third degree interrogation had failed to extract a confession or a clue from the prisoner. Fresh handwriting experts had been called in; their evidence was still conflicting. Bertillon made out a stronger case against Dreyfus; but even the Minister for War found his weird, artificial, Talmudistic abracadabra uncomfortable—and insufficient. Three other experts had their say; one would not commit himself; another said that Dreyfus was guilty; the third, that he was innocent. It seemed impossible to get a case together. Sandherr had instructed one of his agents to investigate the mode of life of the suspect. The agent knew well enough what was wanted of him; he produced a list of gambling hells which Dreyfus was supposed to have frequented. But a few days later, the Prefect of Police wrote to say that there must be some mistake; Dreyfus had never frequented gaming houses and his private life was irre-

proachable in other respects. Du Paty had made Dreyfus copy out the *bordereau*; even he was taken aback when he saw how completely different the copy was. So much so that . . . he suppressed it. He wrote a letter to Mercier that was almost apologetic, saying that the results obtained so far were unfortunately quite insignificant; and leaving the Minister for War to decide what was to be the next step.

Mercier asked Boisdeffre, the Chief of the General Staff, for advice. And he was willing enough to help when called upon. A real *général politique*, half a soldier and half a diplomat; soaked in intrigue. His confessor and counsellor was Père du Lac, the most dangerous and unscrupulous Jesuit of his day. Boisdeffre took a great interest in international politics. Franco-Russian relations were his particular hobby; he was considered an authority on this point. In fact, he may be saddled with the paternity of the Franco-Russian military alliance and consequently of the Entente itself. Only a mediocrity, perhaps; but a strong personality with some remarkable qualities.

He gave his final advice to Mercier in haste, for he had been selected to represent the French Army at the funeral of the Czar of Russia on the 19th of November.

Perhaps he found time to obtain his confessor's

assent to the unparalleled crime which he advised the Minister for War to commit.

Mercier summoned du Paty and Colonel Sandherr to a very secret conference. And as the padded doors opened again at the end of the conference, the Dreyfus affair had been decided; the Court-Martial which had not yet been held was no more than an empty formality; and Mercier was the saviour of the nation. On the 28th of November, he sent for an interviewer and declared in the *Figaro* that Dreyfus' guilt was definitely established. From this moment the personal attacks on the Minister ceased; and the nationalistic Press hailed him as the hero of the hour. Nothing could epitomise the situation at that time more clearly than Paul de Cassagnac's formula:

"If Dreyfus is acquitted, Mercier goes."

A question of justice had become a question of power. From a judicial point of view, the Dreyfus case was already decided; from a political point of view, it was just beginning. The fate of an unimportant person called Dreyfus had become a secondary consideration. So-called reasons of State, which are nearly always the reasons of the egoist in power, were invoked to prove that his fate was a matter of indifference.

Events were taking their course.

IV

THE VERDICT

IV

THE VERDICT

The proceedings of the Court-Martial at Cherche-Midi began on the 19th of December. The summary of evidence submitted by Commandant d'Ormescheville, the *rapporteur*, which had been practically dictated to him by du Paty, was empty—it proved nothing. The opinions of the graphologists were still contradictory. At the very beginning of the proceedings, it was decided to try the case *in camera*. Maître Demange, counsel for the defence, endeavoured to inform the public before the doors were closed, that the evidence for the prosecution consisted of a single document of which the accused denied all knowledge; he was almost forcibly silenced. For the rest, the proceedings were a farce. The prosecution had no evidence to produce. There were the contradictory opinions of the graphologists. There were stories of gambling—curiously enough, the evidence of the police which denied them was not annexed to the proceedings; there were a few stories about women; and there was no motive whatsoever for the deed.

One episode relieved the meaningless jumble of words—Commandant Henry's evidence when called for the second time. After his first examina-

tion, which produced no point of interest, he volunteered to give evidence again; and stated that a personage in diplomatic circles had told him in March and again in June that the traitor was in the Second Bureau of the General Staff. At that time Dreyfus was employed in the Second Bureau. When asked for the name of his informant, he refused to give it.

The President: "You need not give us his name; but can you give us your word of honour that your confidant told you that the traitor was an officer in the Second Bureau and that this officer is Captain Dreyfus?"

Henry: "I swear it."

Henry was a farmer's son. He appeared rather clumsy, rather unpolished. The prosecution could scarcely have produced a better witness than this man—the incarnation of an almost hostile antithesis to the elegant, aristocratic type of officer. His testimony gripped. But only for a moment; since it was no more than hearsay. The authorship of the *bordereau* was neither confessed nor proved. Bertillon's easy assurance made a certain impression on the members of the Court-Martial, who, although quite incapable of understanding his excessive display of erudition, credited the assertions to which he swore. But it seemed more and more impossible, in the face of each succeeding piece of evidence,

to convict on that evidence alone. Bertillon gave every detail of the thoughts and feelings of the accused when writing the *bordereau*. Once Dreyfus interrupted, with typical Jewish irony, whose effect was lost on the prosecution and the Court:

"Can the witness not swear with a clear conscience, that he saw me writing the *bordereau*?"

Even the prosecution allowed the moral proofs to drop—Dreyfus' life, the stories of gambling and women. They concentrated their attention on the *bordereau*, admitting that they had no other evidence.

* * *

An acquittal seemed certain. The counsel for the defence expected it; so did the accused. Commandant Picquart, who was attending the case on behalf of the Ministry for War, considered that the case for the prosecution was totally inadequate.

The Court withdrew to consider its finding. Demange congratulated Dreyfus. The reporters outside were informed about this time that a conviction was barely possible.

* * *

But there was no discussion in the room where the Court had withdrawn to discuss. Something quite different was going on. Boisdeffre's seed

had fallen on good ground; the end justified the means; and Père du Lac's spirit was exercising its unseen power behind the door that divided Dreyfus from his fate. Sitting among the witnesses was Major Henry, a peasant's son and a man of the people whom everyone trusted; and he alone of all the people in Court knew what was happening behind that door. He had helped to prepare the ground; and a sarcastic smile flitted across his face as his eyes caught the radiant, hopeful expression of the accused.

Dreyfus was conducted into an adjoining room, as prescribed by law; his judges returned and the verdict was read out.

The accused was found *guilty* and sentenced to transportation for life.

Demange, his counsel, felt suffocated. What had happened?

* * *

The verdict was a riddle; but the solution of this riddle was ghastly in its simplicity. Mercier had anticipated that the case for the prosecution would not hold water; and he dared not run the risk of an acquittal. What crime did the head of the French Army commit in order to save his own skin? What advice had Boisdeffre left behind him in Paris before he went to bury the Czar?

There were, of course, other and older espionage papers in the files of the General Staff, which had nothing to do with the *bordereau*. Schwartzkoppen's waste-paper basket had been ransacked long before the Dreyfus affair was thought of; and apart from this, the Intelligence Bureau had collected memoranda, draft telegrams and scraps of paper of every kind. There was, for example, a letter which Schwartzkoppen had written to Panizzardi some time before and which had come into the hands of a French agent. It had been lying in the Archives for some time and no one had thought of connecting it with Dreyfus. But it had one inestimable advantage; it hinted at the name of a traitor; it gave the initial letter of his name; and this initial was "D".

Sandherr had already deduced from other documents the fact that this D. referred to another agent who went by the name of Dubois and who was known to have sold certain papers to Italy. The letter ran thus:

My dear Friend,

I am sorry that I was unable to see you again before going away. But I will be back again in a week. I enclose 12 Defence Schemes of Nice which that scoundrel D. gave me for you. I told him that you did not wish to have anything more to do with him. He talks about a misunderstanding and says that

he will do anything he can to satisfy you. That he was determined to see it through, but that you had a grudge against him. I told him that he was a fool and that it was very unlikely that you would have anything more to do with him.

The letter was signed "Alexandrine", which was undoubtedly one of the regular aliases used by the attachés in their correspondence. It had been in the file since 1892 or 1893; and it showed that the "scoundrel D." had already been in touch with Schwartzkoppen or Panizzardi for a long time. Furthermore, the authorities knew from an agent that the Defence Schemes of Nice were already in the hands of the Italians in 1892.

It would have been impossible to use this letter for the official prosecution. Dreyfus could have proved in a few minutes that it did not refer to him. The officers of the Intelligence Bureau knew that Defence Schemes were of no great interest to their adversaries, who used to pay about 10 francs for them. On the other hand, Bertillon had made out in the course of his disquisition on handwriting that the author of the *bordereau* must have received several thousand francs for his betrayal. And Dreyfus was a rich man. The facts would not have fitted together and the "Alexandrine" letter, as an argument, would have broken down. Whilst this matter was

being considered, Boisdeffre had pointed out that it would be possible to manufacture a secret document which would be shown to the members of the Court-Martial only. It was quite true that it would be damnably illegal, a crime against the very principles of the Constitution and of judicial procedure, which laid down that all the evidence for the prosecution must be made known to the accused. But exceptional circumstances called for exceptional measures.

Mercier, du Paty and Sandherr agreed to manufacture this document for the Court. The "Alexandrine" letter was to be the show piece; for the letter "D" was too enticing. To improve matters, Henry added a date in April 1894 at the head of this undated letter. It was supplemented by a long trail of unimportant scraps out of the files, such as fragments of one of Schwartzkoppen's telegrams, in which the words "Bureau de Renseignements" occurred and the decoded version of one of Panizzardi's telegrams to Rome which had just been intercepted on the 2nd of November. Panizzardi had seen the name of Captain Dreyfus for the first time in the Press. As he was not acquainted with any such person and as the papers were publishing reports concerning the relations of the spy with the Italian authorities, the attaché wired to his chief:

If Captain Dreyfus had no relations with you, advise you refute press comments by directing Legation to give official *démenti*.

They had not been able to decipher this intercepted telegram at once. Before the above text had been arrived at, several unsuccessful attempts had been made, one of which had been submitted to the Ministry for War as a possible reading. It ran as follows:

Dreyfus arrested. Agents informed, precautions taken.

This text had soon been recognised as inaccurate and the correct code had been discovered. In spite of this, the fabricators of the secret document allowed the first incorrect reading to stand and produced the Panizzardi telegram as evidence for the prosecution. Du Paty was deputed to weld the various secret papers into an effective and comprehensive document by means of a commentary. Mercier had the commentary worked up into a sort of biography of Dreyfus, in which the papers took the place of illustrations. According to this biography, which neither Dreyfus nor his counsel, nor even the Prosecutor ever set eyes on, Dreyfus had been a traitor from the days of his youth, so to speak. It was suspected that he had entered the Army for this purpose; he had been the chief source of information for the Triple

Alliance ever since he entered the *École Supérieure de Guerre* (Staff College). He was "that scoundrel D."; he had given away mobilisation secrets; he had betrayed the receipt of a Mélinite charge for howitzers; he had only been seconded to the General Staff in order to get better information to sell.

This carefully prepared file was sent in to Colonel Maurel, the President of the Court-Martial, after the Court had retired; and Mercier had had a confidential talk with him beforehand. Furthermore he sent in a note with the documents, telling the President that, though he could not, indeed, give him a formal order, yet he laid him under the moral obligation to submit the attached documents to the Court. The reason given for secrecy was the fear of international complications.

Whether Dreyfus were guilty or innocent, this was a gross breach of the letter and spirit of the law. The memorandum of the Minister for War, in conjunction with the secret file, was nothing more nor less than the explicit order of a superior officer to the members of the Court to bring in a verdict against the accused. An order given in secret, influence brought to bear on the Court with evidence which any jurist or the accused himself could have upset at once—evidence which every Intelligence officer assisting

knew to be absolutely worthless. The simple soldiers who sat on the Court—conscientious and honourable, but obedient and already prejudiced officers—were not in a position to see through this system of deception, misconstruction and illegality. What did they know of the art and practice of espionage, of the current market price for plans of the Nice defences? What means had they to check the date of a document; how, indeed, would the idea of checking it enter their heads when their highest superior entered the lists to give them a "moral order"? One member of the Court or another—and he would have to be a very independent spirit—might say no. Then Dreyfus would have been convicted by one or two fewer votes—and the obstinate judge could send in his papers. But it never came to that. All the members of the Court-Martial took their superior officer's word. The documents passed from hand to hand; they did not understand them, but the official commentary was unequivocal. And the verdict was unanimous.

V

JUDAS MARCHES TOO WELL

V

JUDAS MARCHES TOO WELL

Still, there was a flaw in the edifice of falsehood—outside and inside. It was better to bury a dead man and not a cataleptic. Mercier had strangled the protests of his conscience—the connexion of this affair with his personal interests had compelled him to do so. At the time of the verdict, he did not know that this sacrifice was fruitless; he did not realise how quickly that uncanny force which we may call the Spirit of Justice would mobilise against him. He could not anticipate that the evil atmosphere of the affair would recoil against its authors very soon, within a few weeks, without any effort on the part of the accused or his family. For the time being, the victory was his; and he would have been glad to ease his mind of certain private scruples and crown his masterpiece: he might sleep sounder if Dreyfus could be persuaded to modify his stubborn denial of guilt. Mercier sent du Paty de Clam to the prison immediately after the verdict. Dreyfus was urged to confess, to name his accomplices, thereby enabling the authorities to estimate the extent of his treasonable activities and modify their effect. Dreyfus had nothing to say. Du Paty became more urgent,

more pleasant, almost friendly in fact. No one wished to destroy him utterly; justice could be tempered with mercy and any revelation, however belated, was worth something. There were places of banishment where the climate was horrible, murderous; others that were practically holiday resorts. It had not yet been decided whether Madame Dreyfus might accompany her husband or not. A prisoner sentenced to transportation might be treated humanely or his life could be made a hell. All this was still in the balance. Mercy on the part of the authorities was still to be hoped for; the Minister for War could speak on behalf of the prisoner. Dreyfus must say what he had to say and thereby make his fate, if not his conscience, easier. Maybe his share of guilt had been small and only inflated by his silence. Indeed, many officers of the Intelligence Service gave information and documents to the enemy in order to mislead him or to lead him on to talk about military matters in his own country. Perhaps Dreyfus had only given unimportant or even false information to the enemy in order to obtain much more important secrets from the other side. Du Paty was positively winning in his attempts to secure the smallest fragment of an admission. It would make such a beautiful seal on the ill-favoured packet of his *dossier*.

And Dreyfus, with his wooden, unpleasing, angular Alsatian manner, which was so easy to interpret as mere obstinacy, always gave the same answer:

"I have nothing to confess. I have nothing with which to reproach myself, not even errors of judgment. I am innocent."

Du Paty gave it up. Was it his instinct for the dramatic or was he really moved, when he turned in the doorway and said to Dreyfus:

"Man, if you are innocent, you are the greatest martyr of all the centuries"?

* * *

The Court-Martial had given its verdict on the 22nd of December; the formal appeal had been dismissed. The degradation took place on the 5th of January 1895 in a courtyard of the École de Guerre on the Champ de Mars. At twenty minutes past seven in the morning, a Squadron of the Garde Républicaine, under the command of Captain Lebrun-Renault, paraded at the Cherche-Midi prison as escort for the prisoner. Two gendarmes took him into the office to search him.

"Is this necessary?" asked Dreyfus, with a sad smile.

"Orders," replied the officer, briefly.

Only cigarettes and a few odds and ends were

found in his pockets. Then the gendarmes produced a pair of handcuffs.

"Must I wear these things?" asked Dreyfus.

No answer. At a gesture from Captain Lebrun, the gendarmes snapped the manacles on the prisoner. Dreyfus made a brief movement of rebellion; then he turned to the officer who stood by with icy indifference.

"You see, *mon Capitaine*, that the badges on my uniform are already loose; they are only held by a single thread. The buttons and trouser-stripes are arranged in the same way. May I ask you to waste no time when we are on the parade-ground? It doesn't matter about tearing my uniform; I shall have no further use for it."

The commander of the escort gave no answer. Dreyfus continued:

"I look you straight in the eyes, Sir. I can do it because I am innocent. My conviction is the greatest crime of this century; and that will be proved in a few years' time. I have a family that will never rest until my innocence is proved."

This protest: "My conviction is the greatest crime of the century", came to Dreyfus' lips several times. He repeated it once more when he was conducted on to the parade a few minutes later.

At a quarter to eight, the escort moved off

from the prison towards the École de Guerre. First came a troop of the Garde Républicaine, two troopers with drawn revolvers riding in front. Then a four-horse cart with two gendarmes and the prisoner, the commander of the escort leading. The cart was flanked by troopers; and a second troop brought up the rear.

They arrived at the École de Guerre at ten minutes to eight. Dreyfus was left alone in a room with Captain Lebrun, who asked him:

"Are you going to speak?"

"Yes," said Dreyfus; "I will make a public declaration of my innocence."

Lebrun made a note of this on a memorandum and sent it to General Darras, who was in charge of the ceremony. Darras arranged for a roll of drums to sound whenever Dreyfus tried to speak, so that he would be unable to make himself heard.

Dreyfus was brought out in front of the parade and General Darras spoke:

"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to wear your sword; in the name of the French People we degrade you."

Dreyfus drew himself up, raising both arms and cried with a loud voice:

"I am innocent! I swear that I am innocent! Vive la France!"

"À bas!" bellowed the crowd behind the palings.

An Adjudant [1] laid hands on Dreyfus and tore off his badges. Dreyfus renewed his protests; and in spite of the roll of drums, his voice carried through to the crowd:

"On the life of my wife and my children, I swear that I am guiltless! Vive la France!"

"À bas! Down with him", yelled the crowd pitilessly.

As the Adjudant broke his sword, Dreyfus called out once more, loud and clear:

"You are degrading an innocent man!"

He had to march down the front of the troops. Dreyfus knew what awaited him. He kicked aside the gold lace that lay on the ground and stood in the middle of the four men who were to escort him on his journey of shame, without waiting for the order. Almost he marched in front of them, proudly, with firm steps and head erect; and so he went along the front. One of the officers, enraged at such pride in this *canaille*, called out:

"Look, he might be an officer marching at the head of his men!"

The public behind the bars of the courtyard shrieked: "Down with him!" As he approached the palings, they saw him more clearly and the shouts grew deafening; a thousand throats clamoured for the blood of the unhappy man. Unshaken, he still cried:

[1] Senior warrant officer.

"I am innocent. Vive la France!"

A furious roll of drums drowns his voice; the crowd cannot hear him; they only see him turn towards them and open his mouth. Their answer is a wild volley of whistles and cat-calls; then shrieks, sweeping the courtyard like a hurricane: "À mort, à mort!"

The mob is raving and tearing at the bars. The Police can barely hold it back from storming into the courtyard and lynching the victim.

Dreyfus marches on. Now he is passing the reporters; he calls out:

"Tell the French people that I am innocent."

"Shut up, you miserable swine, traitor, Judas!" is the only reply.

Dreyfus' clothing is in a shocking state. Where he once wore his badges of rank, long, ragged threads are hanging. His *képi* is shapeless.

Gradually his knees begin to tremble, his step is uncertain. At last the ceremony is at an end. He is handed over to the gendarmes.

The Army has been—whitewashed.

VI

IS IT WAR?

VI

IS IT WAR?

The roll of drums was loud. But so was the voice of the Alsatian. Dreyfus' behaviour at his degradation was magnificent.

There was a rather pensive note in some of the newspaper reports on the ceremony. Not, of course, that anyone ventured to speak of innocence; but Dreyfus had made an impression. Some uncomfortable contradiction was in the air; and one of the most violent of the newspapers growled angrily: "Judas marched too well".

This was all very unfortunate. It rather undermined the effect of the verdict and of Mercier's previous declarations of the prisoner's indubitable guilt. It confused the feeling of security. So that Mercier cannot have been sorry to see a report in the Press next day that Dreyfus had confessed.

The condemned man had spoken to Captain Lebrun-Renault in the waiting-room, after the ceremony, and told him of du Paty's last visit and his query as to whether Dreyfus had not passed unimportant papers to the Germans with the object of getting more valuable information. Lebrun-Renault stupidly said that evening in the Moulin Rouge that Dreyfus had confessed to

him that he had given unimportant papers to Germany. The sensation took hold before Lebrun-Renault, summoned by the President of the Republic to explain his statement, could retract it. And another yell of rage went up against Germany, who, after officially denying her relations with the traitor, was now implicated by his confession. It was the signal for a rather serious international incident.

* * *

The German Emperor intervened. The violence of the Paris Press had been causing uneasiness in Berlin for some weeks; and now, things were going too far. Major von Schwartzkoppen had reported to Berlin that he did not know Dreyfus; and that even his agents had had nothing to do with him. The Italians said the same, and the German Foreign Office was confronted with a riddle. What did it all mean? An officer had been convicted of espionage in the German interest; the Press denounced the Schwartzkoppen-Dreyfus plot from the housetops—and Germany did not know the alleged spy! Was France looking for trouble? A short time before, the first *rapprochements* between Paris and Petersburg had begun; naval visits, telegrams and assurances of friendship. That Boisdeffre was a link between the General

Staffs on the Neva and the Seine was known in Berlin. But it was also known that no serious person in France thought of attacking at the present time. In the Chamber and in every successive French Cabinet, the moderate Republicans wrestled with the irreconcilables and with the military party which held the spiritual fort of the Ministry for War. Even the militarists of the French Republic could not be so foolish as to start a conflict with Germany unprepared. Germany was being abused; there was no doubt of that. She was accused of preparing war with shady machinations, of abusing diplomatic privileges, of undermining the honour of French officers. In short, the Kaiser was annoyed. After some discussions between Hanotaux, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the German Ambassador, Count von Münster, the latter received a telegram which had been dictated by the Kaiser to the Chancellor, ordering him to forsake the usual diplomatic channels through the Foreign Ministry and to go to the President of the Republic direct. Negotiations between the heads of States, apart from ceremonial messages, only take place as a rule in moments of gravest political significance. The telegram from the Imperial Chancellor ran as follows:

I request your Excellency to ask the President of the Republic for confirmation of the statement made

by the Minister-President, that the recent judicial proceedings against Dreyfus did not at any time produce evidence of relations of the accused with any civil or military members of the German Embassy. If this is correct, His Majesty the Emperor assumes that the President of the Republic will, in all fairness, issue an official and unequivocal declaration on a point whose continued obscurity is calculated to make it difficult for a representative of the All-Highest Person to remain in Paris.

C. HOHENLOHE.

These were clear and dangerous words. The last lines constituted a scarcely veiled threat to withdraw the German Ambassador. Count von Münster waited upon the President of the Republic—Casimir-Périer—with the telegram. Concerning this visit, the President writes:

I told Count von Münster that the telegram rather surprised me. It was somewhat unusual, inasmuch as it was addressed to the President of the Republic direct and appealed to his fairness as a private individual. According to our Constitution, I could, indeed I must, decline the interview and request the Ambassador to confer with the Minister-President. However, I was willing to take the long standing of our personal relations into account in order to lighten his task and to waive formality. I then said to him that we would discuss the subject frankly. The Embassy was not, indeed, "mixed up" in the affair, because we had not mixed it up. But there was no doubt that the *bordereau* was found in the German Embassy. The Count appeared to be very astonished:

"Oh," said he, "it is impossible that an important document of this nature could have found its way into the German Embassy."

I answered: "If you call the *bordereau* unimportant, then we are agreed."

Count von Münster asked for an official declaration. He, personally, did not attach any great importance to the attacks of the Press. But the telegram showed him what the Kaiser thought. Unless we could agree on the text of a *communiqué*, the only thing he could do was to report the failure of his *démarche* to Berlin. The Kaiser, on his side, would then certainly issue a *communiqué*, the effect of which in France would be incalculable. I proposed a note declaring that none of the missions accredited to Paris—without mentioning the German Embassy specifically—was concerned in the Dreyfus affair. But, interjected Count von Münster, they had been talking of nothing but Germany. I replied that it would look all the worse if the German Embassy required a special justification. Finally, I proposed that I should repeat a *communiqué* already published by the Agence Havas, which denied that the Dreyfus affair had any diplomatic significance. Count von Münster will report to Berlin and let me know the result.

In his evidence at the re-trial of the Dreyfus case, Mercier said:

"At this moment, we were on the verge of a war with Germany. On the same day, we—that is, the President of the Republic, the Minister-President and I, as Minister for War—waited at the Elysée from eight o'clock in the

evening until half-past twelve for the result of the telegrams between the German Emperor and Count von Münster. For four and a half hours we were hovering between peace and war. I had given orders to General de Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff, to await me at the Ministry for War with a number of officers, so as to be able to issue Mobilisation Orders at once should it prove necessary."

General de Boisdeffre also told the story later, of how he was kept waiting on "that historic night" to receive orders for mobilisation. It was not until half-past twelve that the news arrived the Kaiser would be satisfied with the President's offer of a Havas *communiqué*.

It is doubtful whether the situation was really so serious. Casimir-Périer always denied it afterwards and characterised the accounts given by Mercier and his Chief of Staff as gross exaggerations. Nor do the Archives at Berlin disclose so serious a situation. It is difficult to presume that the wish was father to the thought of Mercier and Boisdeffre, when they sensed the approach of war—they cannot really have hoped for it. They knew that their Army was not prepared and Boisdeffre, who was half a politician, certainly did not want a catastrophe before the Franco-Russian plans were ripe. There is no doubt that both of them had a share in the

baiting of Germany that went on in the Press. The very papers that were fed by the Genera Staff were the wildest in their language. The intention of the military party, what they probably had in mind when they worked up the Dreyfus affair, was simply to bang on the table with the mailed fist—just once. You need not start a war at once, but it is a good idea to breathe fire now and then. It looks fine; and it is a useful gambit in domestic politics.

There was no war. Casimir-Périer's diplomatic *finesse* and Count von Münster's honest efforts succeeded in calming the waves.

Casimir-Périer was a statesman of no mean order, and knew it. His political opponents had bowed him into the thankless and powerless position of President, on which this incident alone could confer any real significance. Then Dupuy, the Minister-President, Hanotaux, the Foreign Minister and Mercier, the Minister for War, had effectually neutralised him. In conformity with the letter of the Constitution, they had denied him any share whatsoever in the live substance of current politics; and the whole business of government had gone on behind his back. He had not been informed of the true character of the Dreyfus affair, had not even suspected its diplomatic perils. Only when Count von Münster had already announced his visit,

were the documents of the affair laid before him. Now he had exorcised the danger and pacified Germany. But he had had enough. The next ministerial crisis served him as an excuse to surprise the country with his resignation. He resigned with the Cabinet and the Cabinet with him on the 15th of January, less than a month after the verdict of the Court-Martial. And although the nominal grounds for his action were unrelated to the Dreyfus affair, the real reason was that its poisonous seed had begun to sprout. The atmosphere of secrecy had led Casimir-Périer to resign; Mercier had fallen over his own feet. At the Presidential Election he offered himself as a candidate. He had unmasked Dreyfus, he had saved the country, he was the coming man. But the country must have smelt something rotten about the coming man; and he received three votes. Félix Faure was elected; and Ribot, who was entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet, gave the Portfolio of War to General Zurlinden.

VII

DEVIL'S ISLAND

VII

DEVIL'S ISLAND

The fall of the man who had ruined him did not, of course, affect Dreyfus' fate—thanks to that unholy force that so easily causes private interests to assume the aspect of "reasons of State". Transportation to Devil's Island in French Guiana, which a special act had decreed to be the future destination of the prisoner sentenced to life-long banishment, began two days after the election of Félix Faure. The Ducos Peninsula in New Caledonia, to which political offenders were usually sent, was judged to be unsuitable for the conditions of severity required in this particular case. It was also feared that an escape might be effected. The *dossier* which accompanied Dreyfus overseas bore the remark: "Hardened criminal, unworthy of any consideration".

There was an incident at the port of La Rochelle. The population, whose attention was attracted by the ostentatious secrecy of the driver, recognised the prisoner. And on this occasion, as at the ceremony of degradation, Dreyfus showed a strength of character and a dignity which contrasted strangely with his usual reserve and awkwardness. The mob fell upon

him and tore him away from his escort into a tempest of blows and sabre-cuts. Witnesses relate that he flung himself like one possessed, right into the crowd that was assaulting him, crying out the whole time the one word: "Innocent!" The escort tried to get him back into safety. But, strange to say, he thrust them away and gave himself up; he sought or felt some contact with the crowd and forgot his physical pain whilst he shouted that one word. Here, as on the Champ de Mars, he felt some inner force that might convince his oppressors; it was not the same as du Paty's office, or the prison, or the oppressive secrecy of the trial. He seemed to feel himself more akin to the mob that fell upon him than to the distantly cold and affected aristocrats, amongst whom he lost all his fire and power of expression, before whom his glance and the very breath of his personality recoiled. But his strength was already sapped; and bitterness had already done its work. No longer could he utter the decisive word, which had seemed so disquieting in the mouth of a traitor on the Champ de Mars. The words stuck in his throat on that icy night at La Rochelle; and he felt the limits of his power to convince. He wrote later to his wife:

If I had called out "Vive la France!" at that moment, they would have recognised that I was innocent.

Dreyfus always appears to be the most passive element, the least important man in the whole affair, like the Man in the Bastille. But it may be that this estimate is false. At times, a flash of light seems to exude from the dull, inhibited personality of this man; perhaps a tremendous destiny cannot be borne by a mere cipher. What do we know of the Man in the Bastille? Is it certain that forces capable of shaking the emotions of a whole continent and influencing the history of a nation, can exert themselves through the medium of a really insignificant personality?

Dreyfus was taken to the Island of Ré. Here he was kept for weeks and here he saw his wife for the last time. At the end of February, he was embarked on the s.s. *Saint-Nazaire*; after a journey of fourteen days, the Holy Islands group, to which Devil's Island belongs, were sighted. And on the 13th of April, Devil's Island.

The system followed there was: Annihilation, Revenge and Sadism. The personal note did its work; and the whole scheme of the imprisonment was to turn a man into a beast. A hut four metres square; in the porch the staring eyes of a warder who was relieved every two hours and had orders to observe the prisoner's every movement. A light was kept burning all night. The food was the ration of a soldier on foreign

service, less wine; he was obliged to cook it himself. He was surrounded by unendurable filth; and the terrible tropical climate of the island, which had formerly been a leper colony, did the rest. Fever-stricken and wasting away, the wretched victim was allowed exercise in a space not more than 200 metres long.

In September 1896, as the notoriety of the affair had begun to wane in Paris, Mathieu Dreyfus, Alfred's brother, conceived the unfortunate idea of calling attention to it by inventing the story of an escape. The consequence was that Dreyfus was put in irons until a second wall had been built round his cage. His wife's letters were sometimes delivered to him; but they were generally suppressed. They were not allowed to mention the case in their correspondence. From time to time he made applications to du Paty, Boisdeffre and the Ministers. No reply. His diaries are unnerving in their monotony, their constant reiteration of one and the same thought. For four years he vegetated, waiting every day for news of some improvement in his fortunes. He tried to distract his thoughts, read a few books and learnt English. But neither release from his ghastly surroundings nor the grace to rise superior to his fate was vouchsafed him. Squatting in his den, a prey to fever, he gradually became indifferent; his senses were blunted; he

lost the power of speech, went to pieces, gave up. A hundred years after Paris had proclaimed the rights of man, it flung a living man, denying his guilt, to the beasts; and did so in the name of that Republic on whose forehead the star of human dignity should have shone bright. Now it was no more than a lifeless, meaningless badge.

The lid of the coffin was nailed down; and the General Staff could sleep soundly.

VIII

AN EXPRESS LETTER

VIII

AN EXPRESS LETTER

For the new Cabinet, the Dreyfus affair was a matter of history; cleared up, dealt with and filed—*causa judicata pro veritate*. To Zurlinden, the Minister for War, it meant even more; it was the unchallengeable act by which the Army had regained its honour. Zurlinden had climbed into Mercier's place; but there was no difference of opinion between them regarding the Dreyfus affair nor any reason why such antagonism should arise. The matter was closed. The only living reminder of the affair was a more stringent law on *espionage* which Mercier had drawn up; and this proved to be very useful. It hung like a guillotine over the heads of the Dreyfus family, whose further investigations might at any moment be construed into a share of guilt. But Mathieu Dreyfus, Alfred's brother, would not rest. His every movement spied upon by the General Staff; surrounded by detectives and led astray by *agents provocateurs*, he seemed to be attempting the impossible. Henry would have given a great deal to clear this undaunted seeker after truth out of the way; and Mathieu had to be careful. One day a man came to him, offered to give himself up as the author of the *bordereau* and take

his punishment. He did not say that he had actually written it, but declared that he could produce all the necessary evidence against himself. The price he asked for his services was high; but it was a price that the Dreyfus family could have paid. He asked for pen and ink; and while Mathieu still wavered, he produced an exact facsimile of the handwriting of the *bordereau*. It was tempting. In any case, it would be one way of presenting a case for appeal.

Mathieu had discovered in the meantime that illegal methods had been employed to influence the verdict. Félix Faure, the new President, had learnt of the secret file and the part it had played in the conference room, shortly after his election; and he had confided in a man who happened to be a friend of the Dreyfus family. A member of the Court, too, had let the cat out of the bag at some time. These facts, together with his visitor's confession, might, with luck, lead to a revision of the case and in any case to an interruption of the horrible punishment. In spite of this, Mathieu did not hesitate; he would have nothing to do with the man, but told him to go to the proper authorities if he had a confession to make.

It was fortunate for him that he did so; for the mysterious calligraphist was one of Henry's agents. If Mathieu had taken a single step in

the way proposed to him, he would have been arrested and got out of the way for ever. What seemed nearer than to encounter intrigue with its own weapons? And yet—it was easier for this decent man to choose the longer way, the goal that seemed more distant: to conquer by the truth. Though it seemed at first a hopeless undertaking, a wandering in a maze of despair; what appeared to be progress proved to be a step back into the darkness. Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had been given the same portfolio in the new Cabinet; he confided in Trarieux, the Minister for Justice, a few details concerning the secret file which had led to the conviction. This information leaked through to Demange, the defending counsel. And so Mathieu learned that the traitor was known as "that scoundrel D." in Schwartzkoppen's letter to Dreyfus—the show piece of the file—and felt that he had a clue. Under the erroneous assumption that D. must be the initial of the author of the *bordereau*, he went through the Army List for weeks in quest of the culprit. He could not guess that even "Dubois" was an alias and that the "scoundrel D." had in reality nothing to do with the *bordereau*. The year 1895 gave no result.

Nothing—except that Colonel Sandherr, Chief of the Intelligence Section, whose paralysis had now become apparent, retired in July 1895;

and this was to prove an important step towards a solution. For Commandant Picquart was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and chosen by Boisdeffre to succeed Sandherr, instead of Henry, who had hoped for the post.

It will be remembered that Picquart had been present at the Court-Martial in Cherche-Midi; and he knew vaguely of the secret file. He was quite convinced of the prisoner's guilt, more because of what Sandherr and Henry had told him than as a result of the trial. He was an upright and conscientious officer, young, keen and well-educated—a very different type of man from his rustic rival, Henry. Of course, Henry was disappointed. Under Sandherr, he had done most of the work of the Statistical Bureau; and now this interloper crossed his career. Picquart's nomination is the signal for the beginning of a duel to the death between these two men. If Dreyfus is the victim and the real, as yet unidentified culprit the villain, then Picquart is the hero of the Dreyfus drama. And like the heroes of most important historical events, his great rôle was not of his seeking. Groping in the darkness without any plan or calculation at first, moving under the impulse of the great Hand of Fate, he drifts towards the source of the perilous secret; he feels in the darkness the chinks of the hidden door; and finds himself at

last compelled to act in apparent contradiction to his outwardly banal, unheroic and uninspired character. Picquart's story deserves to be written; a man who drifted out of the circle of his sober, modest Alsatian home to influence the history of mankind; a man with never a thought beyond the simplest things; who never conceived that he could act otherwise than to give up his career and his racial prejudice and at last to risk his life for a poor, simple thing called Truth, whose voice finally made itself heard—God knows how. For Picquart, obedience to Truth was his duty. He recognised her only in her concrete relation to events; he was no intellectual or moralist; and she had to seek him out in every-day life in order to move him. In the great, eternal struggle around truth he had, until then, been on the wrong side of the barricade. He was a militarist, an anti-Semite, not without arrogance. But he took entirely upon himself the task of awakening public conscience in the Dreyfus affair. Mercier was supposed to be the saviour of his country and was not even a Capitoline goose. Picquart's naïve straightforwardness saved France in reality, when she was in danger of sinking in a morass of dishonesty and lies. And however great the gap that separated his conscious being from his great predestined vocation, he must also have borne

the stigmata of his historic task. Theodor Wolff, the correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, was at that time the classic historian of the Dreyfus affair for the German-speaking world. When the first news about Picquart began to leak through, he was trying to pick out this man, whom he had never seen, in a group of officers. Suddenly, his eye caught a dim figure in the photograph; he turned to his friends and said:

"I wish that this were Picquart."

And it was.

Picquart's mission came to him as to one predestined by Fate.

The new broom swept clean. He soon brought order into the office that his paralytic predecessor had greatly neglected. Henry ground his teeth; but he had to submit and work under the interloper.

One day Madame Bastian, the charwoman of the German Embassy, brought in her harvest of waste paper as usual. The pieces of paper were stuck together in the usual way and laid on Picquart's desk a few hours later. And amongst other finds, mostly insignificant, was one very remarkable document. It was an express letter in the well-known hand of the German military attaché. The "*petit bleu*"—so called by the Parisians on account of its colour—was hard to decipher. More than fifty pieces had had to be

put together and the tears rather confused the sense of the letter. There was no doubt that it had been written to a spy by Schwartzkoppen, who, for some reason or other, had torn it up instead of posting it. The addressee was an officer whom Picquart had never heard of before: Commandant Esterhazy, 27 Rue de la Bienfaisance, Paris. It read:

Dear Sir,

Regarding the matter in question, I would first like to have fuller details. Will you please let me have them in writing? I will then decide whether I can continue my relations with the firm of R. or not.

The signature was a capital C., one of Schwartzkoppen's usual signs.

"Another Dreyfus," was Picquart's first thought.

Who was Commandant Esterhazy? According to the Army List, he was a Battalion Commander in the 74th Infantry Regiment, stationed at Rouen, not far from Paris. Picquart remembered that he had an old friend in the regiment and sent for him. This friend informed him that Esterhazy was remarkably keen on information about the Artillery, especially their Mobilisation plans; that he was fond of attending Artillery manœuvres, even at his own expense; and that he had obtained permission to take part in their

Brigade Cadre Training in 1894. And Esterhazy's brother officer had often noticed that he was in the habit of borrowing Service documents and books, which he had copied out at home under the pretext of private military studies.

A fleeting association of the Field Artillery Manual and the manœuvres mentioned in the *bordereau* shot through the mind of the Chief of the Intelligence Section. But Picquart did not yet dare to question the cast-iron dogma of the guilt of the prisoner on Devil's Island; his mind was still unwilling to accept an obvious conclusion; and the most he could see in Esterhazy was a fresh case.

The result of the police inquiries was suspicious. Commandant Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy was a harum-scarum spendthirft, had a very bad name, kept an expensive mistress although he was married and was well-known in the demi-monde. He was a gamester and a speculator; he had squandered his wife's dowry; tradesmen called him a swindler and he was known to have gone to money-lenders. His regiment in Rouen seldom saw him, for he spent most of his time in Paris. His origin was rather obscure and his military career had been adventurous. He was nearly fifty years old and claimed to be descended from the ancient Hungarian noble family of Esterhazy; but this genealogy was somewhat

obscure—it was founded on an illegitimate episode which could not be proved. His life history was extremely difficult to check on account of the constant changes of allegiance in his very international life. A few years of his career were altogether in the dark; there was no evidence of his mode of life from 1866 to 1869. He stated that he was wounded at Custozza and entered the Roman Legion soon after. He was certainly serving with this Corps in 1869. From there, he went to the French Foreign Legion with the rank of Second Lieutenant. On account of the shortage of officers in the War of 1870, he was able to transfer to the Regular Army. After the conclusion of peace, he was appointed an A.D.C. He then got into the Intelligence Section at the Ministry for War. In 1881, he was sent on foreign service, where he was at one time suspected of espionage. In 1885 he returned to Paris; since 1892 he had been stationed at Rouen. Such were the outstanding points. Some very important details had for the time escaped Picquart's investigations.

IX

PICQUART AND ESTERHAZY

IX

PICQUART AND ESTERHAZY

One of the great professional international spies of that time was a man by the name of Richard Cuers, a clever adventurer who lived sometimes in Paris, sometimes in Brussels and sometimes in Switzerland. He had been working for the General Staff in Berlin for a long time. Cuers was the sort of man who, while not exactly inspiring confidence, made himself indispensable by his extraordinary cleverness. Occasionally, when he felt that the German General Staff did not treat him quite as he wished, he played with the idea of getting into touch with the other side. He had already made advances to French agents once or twice. Just at this moment, he had quarrelled seriously with his employers on the German General Staff and it seemed that he now wished to work for France. At an interview with the French Military Attaché in Berlin, he had hinted that he could give some important information concerning the Dreyfus affair. He had told the attaché of the unbounded astonishment of the German General Staff at the accusation against Dreyfus. This astonishment was not assumed; the Germans could not understand the case, as none of their people had ever

had anything to do with Dreyfus. But it was quite correct that the German General Staff had, through Schwartzkoppen's intermediary, another informer who was a French officer. Cuers appeared to offer the disclosure of this name as an earnest for future services. Of course, he did not give it at once—all information had its price. However, he gave certain definite clues in order to show that he really knew what he was talking about. For instance, he declared that the officer who had been bought by Germany was not on the General Staff, but was a *Chef de Bataillon*, a man between 40 and 50 years old. He seemed prepared to give further details, so that French Intelligence might be able to decide whether or not they could make use of his services. Picquart decided to hear what he had to say. Through the French Military Attaché, he arranged a meeting with Cuers at Basle. When Picquart selected Captain Lauth, an officer in his section, for this mission, Henry requested that he might accompany Lauth to Basle, in view of the importance of the interview. Picquart, seeing no reason to refuse, sent both officers; but they returned empty-handed in a few days. They reported that Cuers had repeated his vague allegations, but had not given the traitor's name nor any further details. Picquart was already inclined to treat the matter as an

COLONEL PICQUART

COMMANDANT ESTERHAZY

empty piece of bluff on the part of the agent, when he received further news from the Military Attaché in Berlin. Cuers had complained bitterly of the way in which he had been treated by the two officers. It was evident that they did not wish seriously to do any business with him; for when he tried to give them further details about the traitor, Henry interrupted him and almost literally prevented him from speaking. He concluded that the French were "not having any".

Picquart was puzzled. What were the forces at work; what interest had Henry in the matter? Why was he spoiling the game? Was it only because he was jealous of his unwelcome superior?

The Chief of the Intelligence Section reported the discovery of the express letter and the information respecting Esterhazy to the Chief of Staff and the Minister for War, now General Billot, a member of the Méline Cabinet which had been in office since the 29th of April, 1896. It was the same Cabinet whose Minister for the Colonies ordered Dreyfus to be put in irons on Devil's Island in that year.

Boisdeffre and Billot were surprised. But greater than their surprise was their fear of a new treason trial. Boisdeffre gave his opinion that it must not come to that on any account.

If Esterhazy was a traitor, he could be quietly removed from the Service—but for Heaven's sake, no fresh scandal! No connexion of the new discovery with the Dreyfus case was adumbrated; and Picquart was directed to continue his investigations carefully.

* * *

Picquart went straight ahead. The news from Berlin compelled him to consider the idea which he had been suppressing. He got hold of official letters written by Esterhazy and laid the photograph of the *bordereau* beside them. And the tragedy of Captain Dreyfus slowly unfolded itself to his eyes.

He took the bull by the horns and went to Bertillon with one of Esterhazy's letters; and there the incident became grotesque in a moment. Bertillon, who had sworn that Captain Dreyfus was the author of the *bordereau*, took only a few seconds to pronounce upon the letter with an unknown signature that was laid before him.

"That is the handwriting of the *bordereau*."

"But this letter has just been written by an entirely different person," said Picquart.

"Then the Jews have at last succeeded in getting an exact imitation of Dreyfus' handwriting," replied Bertillon.

This "imitation" was a request addressed by Commandant Esterhazy to the Minister for War.

* * *

There was no longer any doubt that the Dreyfus and Esterhazy cases were in some way connected. If Esterhazy had written the *bordereau*, could Dreyfus yet be guilty? Of course, there had been other evidence against Dreyfus—there was the secret file, which was kept in Henry's safe. Picquart had it opened in Henry's absence; and saw for the first time the papers which had led to the conviction. He saw the "Scoundrel D." letter and recognised at the first glance that it had to do with an insignificant, insistent agent who had been dismissed; who had been selling Defence Schemes for ten francs apiece and who could not possibly be an officer—certainly not Dreyfus, who was half a millionaire. He saw as well the fragments of Schwartzkoppen's intercepted telegram, dating back to the time before the *bordereau*, which Mercier had incorporated in the file. The telegram form was very torn and mutilated, very hastily written and barely legible. It was in German; there was hardly any doubt that the German Military Attaché was the author of the telegram and that its contents were intended for the General Staff in Berlin. The legible text ran as follows:

Doubt—proof—patent—dangerous situation for me with French officer—not conduct negotiations personally—bring what he has—absolute ga— —Bureau de Renseignements—no connexion—units—but important from—Minister—already several times elsewhere——

It was apparent from the records that the telegram got into Sandherr's hands at the beginning of 1894 and must therefore relate to events in 1893. Picquart understood German well. Apparently, Schwartzkoppen had been approached by a French officer, but knowing nothing about him, had asked for the patent to be submitted. He had scruples, as a diplomat, against corrupting a French officer and suggested that a middleman should be employed. The officer appeared to offer an absolute guarantee for his information, which was supposed to come from the *Bureau de Renseignements*. That must have been, approximately, the contents of the telegram. The most interesting point in it was the reference to the Intelligence Section, which, strange to say, neither Mercier nor Sandherr nor du Paty de Clam had followed up. So the man who offered his services to Schwartzkoppen in 1893 got his information from this office.

Picquart was confronted with a blank wall. If Esterhazy was Schwartzkoppen's man, what was

this obscure hint of some connexion between him and the French Intelligence Service? He must have some accomplice there. On the other hand, the chiefs of the Intelligence Section alone had access to important military documents. Only Henry and Sandherr himself were in a position to refer at any time to one department or other of the Ministry for War or the General Staff for any information they might require. The other officers of the Bureau and the minor officials were not authorised to do so. Picquart's thoughts flew back again to Henry, just as they had done after the Basle interview, when Cuers had been silenced in such a strange way. If he had sought further in Henry's safe, he might have torn the veil; for he would have found two documents which his subordinate had suppressed. In 1895, a reliable agent had informed the Intelligence Section that Schwartzkoppen was receiving a French field officer under suspicious circumstances. The description pointed to Esterhazy. And in 1896, Schwartzkoppen had, according to an abstracted letter, informed his General Staff that he intended shortly to break off with his "source of supply"; the information was too dear and more or less worthless. Dreyfus could not possibly have been the person referred to, for October 1894 had seen the end of him. Henry had kept both these very informative documents

to himself, instead of submitting them to his chief.

* * *

The first secret was that Henry and Esterhazy were old friends. In 1876, when Esterhazy was attached temporarily to the Intelligence Section, Henry was serving there as well. Their acquaintance dated from that time; Picquart could have discovered this fact by referring to their Records of Service. But he had not got as far as that—yet. He might have discovered why the secret watch kept on Esterhazy gave no result. Esterhazy did nothing suspicious, received no dubious characters, had no associations at the moment that would lead one to suspect him of espionage.

Who had warned him?

* * *

The Colonel was thunder-struck at the insufficiency of the secret file, astounded at the worthlessness of the evidence that had served to suppress a human being. He put the information he had obtained regarding Esterhazy's handwriting on paper, together with his opinion as to the worthlessness of the secret file, and sent the note to the Chief of the General Staff.

The conflict began. Boisdeffre was annoyed and called in General Gonse, his Deputy Chief.

The instructions they gave to Picquart for his future guidance were more oracular than disciplinary. It was "most important to keep the two cases of Dreyfus and Esterhazy entirely separate". How could that be done, if Esterhazy wrote the *bordereau*? But Boisdeffre positively refused to reconsider the papers of the Dreyfus case. His Deputy Chief said—and it was a dangerous thing for a Chief of Staff to say—that the guilt or innocence of Captain Dreyfus no longer mattered, but that the honour of the Ministry and the General Staff would be in jeopardy if the verdict of the Court-Martial at Cherche-Midi were interfered with; and with it the honour of the nation. Billot, the Minister for War, had nothing to say to Picquart's revelations. He could have intervened. What had he to do with these malodorous secret papers, that dated back long before his time? But this Minister was entirely in the hands of his military advisers; he dared not take one step aside from the path that they had marked out for him. Whether it was incapacity to act on his own responsibility that made him a tool in the hands of the generals, or whether doubtful financial affairs, as it was rumoured, gave them some hold upon him, the result was the same: Boisdeffre's will was his.

Picquart could not understand all at once. But he felt that he was moving towards a

decision. He was too much of a soldier to disobey as yet. Perhaps he did not quite realise the abominable consequences of his Chiefs' point of view. It may be that he did not think the evidence against Esterhazy quite strong enough.

But soon it became apparent that the Dreyfus family was about to make another attack. The *Éclair* suddenly published the facts concerning the secret information set before the Court, together with a fairly accurate text of the "Scoundrel D." letter. A Deputy gave notice of an interpellation on the Dreyfus affair, and Henry told his chief that the Deputy was in touch with the Dreyfus family. This subsequently proved to be false. The publication of a pamphlet containing revelations, inspired by Mathieu Dreyfus, was also announced. Picquart, who still saw the whole affair entirely from a Service point of view, was aghast. What the Deputy Chief of the General Staff had said acquired a meaning for him, but quite a different meaning. What a catastrophe if the discovery of the truth came, not from the Government, but from the other side!

He went once more to the Deputy Chief and informed him, without mincing his words, that he believed Dreyfus to be innocent.

Gonse immediately showed signs of impatience.

"What does it matter if the Jew stays on Devil's Island?"

"But he has done no wrong."

"The affair must not be stirred up again; it can't be done."

"But what will be our position if the Dreyfus family manage to unmask the real culprit on their own initiative?"

"Oh, no one will know anything about it if you say nothing."

The cleft opened before his eyes; and "duty" put her decisive question. Picquart understood; he hesitated no longer. With a click of his heels, he sprang to attention.

"Mon Général, I don't know yet what I shall do; but I will not take this secret into the grave with me."

The bomb had burst. Picquart, Chief of the Intelligence Section, was falling; and Picquart, the Man, had taken up his post.

X

IS THAT THE MAN?

X

IS THAT THE MAN?

It was decided to get Picquart out of the way. To begin with, he was ordered to cease his investigation of the secret file of the Court-Martial and to hand it over to General Gonse. This was done. He did not receive definite instructions to cease his investigations concerning Esterhazy, but he was not authorised to have him arrested—the only possible course. He had to confine himself to measures which, since Esterhazy had already been warned, were doomed to failure from the start—watching him and searching his flat.

After this, his removal was accelerated by several events. The pamphlet announced by the Dreyfus family was published in Brussels; whilst in Paris, the *Matin* published a facsimile of the *bordereau*. It transpired later that the paper had got hold of a print through the indiscretion of a handwriting expert. But Henry convinced the General Staff that Picquart was responsible. Boisdeffre and Billot thereupon directed the Chief of the Intelligence Section to hand over his duties to the Deputy Chief of the General Staff on the grounds that he had committed an indiscretion. A few days later, he was informed

that he would be transferred. And so he went, zig-zagging across the country on a non-existent "special mission"; from Paris to an eastern fortress, thence to the south-east; then to Marseilles and eventually to Tunis—nominally as a delegate of the General Staff. But in Tunis, he found orders to take the thunderbolts of the General Staff from his collar and to report for duty to the 4th Regiment of Tirailleurs, stationed at Susa.

The year 1897 rolled on. Dreyfus was spending his third year in the little cage on Devil's Island and waiting for Truth to show herself in Paris. But Truth had been banished, too. She was allowed to train men on a parade-ground in Tunis, but she wore a muzzle. Picquart had strict official orders from General Gonse not to mention the affair to anyone.

* * *

Henry had the field to himself. General Gonse was nominally in charge of the Intelligence Section, but Henry was the real chief. During Picquart's absence, he had succeeded in pulling off a fresh coup. The bloodhound's scent had once more shown him the way to help his Chiefs out of a difficulty. Modestly and quietly, this simple subordinate, who was always on the spot when he was wanted, laid before General

Gonse nothing more nor less than the final proof of Captain Dreyfus' guilt—in black and white. Now storms might break in vain over the *bordereau*. Sighs of relief.

* * *

Once again, it was a reconstructed letter. That in itself was *vieux jeu*; there were now so many diplomatic scraps of paper in the affair that it was hard to tell one from the other; the waste-paper market was booming and Madame Bastian was working feverishly. But this letter was something quite different; it was a trophy. It was known henceforth as *le document libérateur*; it brought salvation and security. Now they had clear and abundant proof that Dreyfus was indeed the traitor; evidence set down in writing for the world and for posterity in no less a hand than that of Panizzardi. The Italian attaché, whose writing was unmistakable and who signed "Alexandrine" as usual, wrote to Schwartzkoppen:

Dear Friend,

I hear that a Deputy is going to put a question in the Chamber on behalf of Dreyfus. If Rome asks me for particulars again, I will say that I never had anything to do with the Jew. If you are questioned, you say the same. No one mustn't know (*sic*) what happened with him.

Was that good enough? Was there any loophole left? The *démentis* of the German and Italian governments, the denials issued by their Embassies, were explained; the attachés had lied to their superiors and here was proof of it in writing.

Henry had great moments; for the General Staff and the Minister for War were duly grateful. Billot also informed Picquart and told him of the letter—of course, without showing it to him. All that Picquart could say was, that without further examination he considered such a letter to be highly improbable—and he was reprimanded by General Gonse for saying so.

* * *

Apart from Picquart only one other person spoke rather disrespectfully of the *document libérateur*; it was Henry's friend, Major Esterhazy. He considered that the text of the letter was not quite up to the usual standard of diplomatic French; that it had a faint flavour of rusticity which rather reminded him of Auvergne; and ever afterwards referred to it privately, with a twinkle in his eye, as the "*document Vercingetorix*", in memory of the local peasant hero of ancient Gaul.

* * *

Picquart in Tunis served and kept silence. Perhaps he should have retired and spoken out.

But he was first of all a soldier; and however monstrous the action of the General Staff appeared to him, the private offensive of a single officer against the responsible heads of the Army would be equally monstrous. Such a thing was unthinkable. Nevertheless, he was overwhelmed with horror and disgust. He observed discipline, controlled his resolutions and his thoughts; he was far from summoning public opinion or getting in touch with the Dreyfus family. But his instinct had progressed beyond his resolution. Inward rage beat on the walls of his reason and drove him at last to a series of actions which were contrary to his correct principles and imprudent from the point of view of his own interests. But, on the high, lonely road that fate had marked out for him, these very imprudences spelt deliverance.

His first apparent imprudence was a letter, written in June 1897 to Henry, whose rôle of intrigue had become clearer and clearer. Henry threw aside his mask and answered with heavy guns, accusing Picquart of falsification in respect of the *petit bleu* and of the misuse of official secrets. That was not to be misunderstood. Picquart felt that the authorities in Paris, not content with having "Stellenbosched" him, were preparing to go to greater lengths in order to disarm him—probably a Court-Martial. He

resolved to be careful; and thereupon committed a second imprudence.

He got leave from his regiment, crossed to Paris and confided in an old friend of his, Maître Leblois, a barrister, whom he instructed to act in his defence in case of need; he then returned to Tunis. Although Picquart had, in conformity with the dictates of official secrecy, strictly forbidden Maître Leblois to get into touch with the Dreyfus family, yet this visit to his barrister friend led to the very result he wished to avoid: the Esterhazy case became public property.

A prominent man in Paris, a friend of Mathieu Dreyfus, had for some time been probing the Dreyfus affair tentatively. This man was Scheurer-Kestner, the Vice-President of the Senate, a grey-haired personification of the civic virtues. Leblois, somewhat exceeding his instructions, went to Scheurer-Kestner and confided to him the name of Esterhazy as the probable culprit. Scheurer-Kestner sought out the Minister for War, the Minister-President and the President of the Republic; and at first endeavoured, with naïve optimism, to start the ball rolling by official action. In the meantime, Mathieu, who knew nothing of the suspicions against Esterhazy, circulated posters and leaflets in Paris with the photograph of the *bordereau*. Some people, who knew Esterhazy's handwriting, had already

become suspicious when the *Matin* published the facsimile. Now Mathieu learnt at second hand that the Parisian banker Castro had recognised in the reproduction of the *bordereau* the handwriting of a former client of his, Commandant Esterhazy. Mathieu Dreyfus heard this name for the first time. It might be one of the many false clues of which the affair was so prolific. But he knew that a name had been given to Scheurer-Kestner from another source—a name which the Vice-President of the Senate, out of consideration for Picquart, had mentioned to the Minister alone. Mathieu called on Scheurer-Kestner and pronounced the word—Esterhazy.

"Is that the man?" he asked the aged statesman, who had kept silence until then.

And Scheurer-Kestner, struck by the unexpected confirmation, admitted the truth.

It was thus that Picquart, quite against his will, got into touch with the Dreyfus family; his secret, together with their information, closed the circuit.

XI

THE PLOT

XI

THE PLOT

In the meantime, collusion was at work, such criminal conspiracy as has never been seen before or since in an affair of Justice and State. Scheurer-Kestner's efforts had alarmed the Ministry for War; they sensed danger. The Senator had indicated clearly that he intended to arouse public opinion. He had given Billot all the available details on Esterhazy; and the Minister had no illusions as to the character of the new suspect. But he would not allow any tampering with the doctrine of Dreyfus' guilt. In order to circumvent his dilemma, he constructed a theory that Esterhazy was an accomplice; Gonse and Boisdeffre agreed with him.

A secret conference was held at the Ministry for War; only Billot, Gonse, du Paty and Henry were present. Gonse carefully avoided saying in so many words what he really meant—that a judicial revision of the Dreyfus case must be prevented. Although he had agreed with the Minister and Boisdeffre that Esterhazy was an accomplice, he spoke of him before du Paty and Henry as an officer who had, indeed, rather come down in the world, but who was quite innocent; whose bad reputation was a pretext

for the Jews to start a fresh hare and to make him suffer for Dreyfus. It had been definitely established that Esterhazy had not committed any treason. But if Esterhazy, under the pressure of this terrible accusation, did something foolish, such as committing suicide, then there would be a scandal—perhaps a war. It was therefore desirable to think of some way of calming him. Henry and du Paty understood.

* * *

And now Esterhazy emerges gradually from the darkness. Certainly an interesting fellow. A born cosmopolitan, a gambler, cheeky and extremely clever. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, rather bent, with a dissipated yellowish face and a hussar moustache; a discordant mixture of heaviness and morbidity. An uncanny fellow, who had seen and experienced many things and knew the byways of the human mind; he was educated, cynical—but had no idea of the value of Man or the value of Money. In fact, a fine specimen of a cultured rogue. He did not feel altogether at home in the French Army; he neither possessed nor desired a country; his instincts were those of the *condottiere*. He felt that the French were too conversational, soft and deficient in character; but he thought a great deal of the Germans. He had been aware that

his name had got into the game soon after Picquart's first discoveries—Henry, his old friend in the Intelligence Section, had passed the word to him. The detectives sent by Picquart to shadow him had no luck at all. He did, indeed, visit the German Embassy occasionally, when in Paris. But many French officers did that; they were by no means discouraged from having casual social relations with Schwartzkoppen; and Esterhazy was only to be seen at the "front entrance".

In August, he received an anonymous communication that danger was drawing nigh. In any case, he had been placed on the half-pay list on account of ill-health; and he left Rouen to settle in Paris.

* * *

A curious scene took place between Esterhazy and Schwartzkoppen. Esterhazy begged the attaché to save him. It would be sufficient if Schwartzkoppen were to see Madame Dreyfus and tell her that her husband was guilty. Of course, she would not make this information public; but it would stop the Dreyfus party from making any further efforts. Esterhazy was very insistent and very depressed; he threatened suicide, but Schwartzkoppen naturally refused to entertain the idea.

Two hours later, Esterhazy returned to the Embassy. His manner was quite changed; he was quite his old self again, gay and arrogant, with a flower in his button-hole. Schwartzkoppen was astonished; but Esterhazy informed him cheerfully that everything was now in order and that the General Staff had given him to understand that they would protect him.

Major von Schwartzkoppen, Military Attaché to the German Embassy in Paris, was packing his boxes. . . .!

* * *

Esterhazy had told the truth; his cheerfulness was justified. Between the first and second visits, he had been to a rendezvous in Montsouris Park. On that morning, a man with a false beard and blue glasses—a Clerk of the Intelligence Section—had made the appointment with portentous secrecy. What occurred at that meeting and during the following weeks sounds completely fantastic melodrama. But Esterhazy's uncontradicted memoirs and du Paty's subsequent confession vouch for the truth.

Du Paty was waiting for him in the park in plain clothes; Henry "kept *cave*" a few paces away. Esterhazy was informed that he had nothing to fear; they knew that he was innocent and they would defend him. The only condition was that he was to obey all instructions implicitly

and on no account to act on his own initiative. From that time on, there were almost daily meetings, letters and notes in cipher. The Marquis du Paty de Clam, an officer serving in the Ministry for War, coached the suspect, kept him in touch with the latest developments and steered him past all obstacles to the goal. How far Gonse and Boisdeffre directed the good work has never yet been made clear; that their purpose was behind it, is beyond doubt. The system employed bears the mark of Boisdeffre; the Minister for War, the President of the Republic and the Governor of Paris were drawn into the game; high political circles were compromised and the whole thing was very cleverly arranged. Too clever, too big, almost and too daring for a man of du Paty's calibre.

At first, the method pursued was to avoid bringing Esterhazy to trial. Later on, a bolder and better idea took its place; not to avoid judicial proceedings but to force a verdict which would put Esterhazy out of danger once and for all. For, according to French law, a person who has once been acquitted, cannot be tried again for the same offence,[1] even if his guilt is discovered later. Revision is only admissible in favour of and not against an accused person.

The three letters which Esterhazy wrote to the

[1] In German law, this is not the case.—Tr.

President of the Republic—on du Paty's instigation, as was later proved—are the culminating point of these machinations. First, he defended himself against the rumours that were going about and announced that, if France would not protect him, he would call on his "feudal Suzerain", the hereditary protector of the Esterhazy family—the German Emperor—for help. As Félix Faure did not react to this threat, du Paty brought up his second reserves; but, as he took all responsibility for the letter, he wrote it himself. Through the carelessness of Colonel Picquart and the intermediary of an unnamed lady, a diplomatic document of the most dangerous nature, which had been stolen from an Embassy, had come into Esterhazy's possession. He had deposited this document abroad; and if he suffered injustice, he would cause it to be published. A third letter referred again to the "dangerous document, whose publication would mean humiliation or war for France".

It was a stroke of primitive genius. The President might treat these letters as the concoctions of a lunatic. Or he might order the writer to be arrested. Or—he might get nervous. Du Paty, or the person behind him, had not been mistaken. He knew the political feeling, the timidity of the civilians, the fear of responsibility and the horror of scandal. He judged

rightly that the blackmailer would be neither ignored nor arrested; he would be treated as gently as a new-laid egg. The purpose of the manœuvre was to make this Esterhazy and his story a red rag to every department of the Government—a name to be spoken only with bated breath and the pious hope that the man who bore it would keep quiet.

The trick succeeded. They had had quite enough of these tales of stolen diplomatic letters in France; they remembered Count Münster's visit to Casimir-Périer with cold distaste. This Esterhazy might be a swashbuckler, a swindler, or worse; but peace was more important than justice. And so the General Staff obtained what it wanted: the unexpressed desire of those in high places to arrange a way of escape for this terrible Esterhazy. The Governor of Paris received orders from the Highest Quarter to hear what the suspect had to say—and du Paty gave Esterhazy the substance of the interrogatory the day before. And he said his piece; the Jews were trying to substitute him for Dreyfus, as they once substituted Barrabas for Christ. The Governor comforted him and promised a favourable wind if only he would keep quiet and hand over the menacing document to the Ministry for War. And on the 15th of November, the Ministry for War gave Esterhazy

a formal receipt for a document, as a sort of official gesture of reconciliation. Whether he really handed in a document—whether it was a photograph of the "Scoundrel D." letter or a reproduction of the *document Vercingetorix* —or whether it was the very latest so-called "find"—remains a secret.

About this time, a rumour began to circulate in the General Staff that some correspondence had been discovered in which Dreyfus' treason was confirmed by the hand of Wilhelm II.

It was spoken of in whispers—but the whispers managed to reach the ears of a few editors and politicians.

A disciplinary inquiry was hanging over Picquart on the grounds that he had betrayed official secrets to Maître Leblois. And in logical pursuance of the General Staff's action against him, Boisdeffre had instructed General Leclerc, commanding in Tunis, to transfer Picquart to the frontier zone, where hostilities might at any time break out. The death of an officer was a common occurrence there. General Leclerc, who knew what had happened to Picquart in Paris, postponed the carrying out of an order that might well be a camouflaged execution. But by the middle of November, he could have delayed no longer. Fortunately and unexpectedly, Picquart then received orders to proceed to Paris

and answer Esterhazy's accusation; namely, that he had, when Chief of the Intelligence Section, carelessly allowed an important State paper to get into the hands of a female person unconnected with the Service. Esterhazy had saved his persecutor's life. God knows, it was the last thing he wanted to do.

* * *

MADAME DREYFUS TO ALFRED DREYFUS.

PARIS,
15*th July*, 1897

We have made a tremendous step forward towards the truth. Unfortunately, I cannot tell you any more.

* * *

Picquart's summons to attend an inquiry had crossed with his own request to the General Staff that he might come to Paris and be heard. He wished to supplement a report already submitted. On the 11th of November, he had received an anonymous telegram from Paris which read:

All discovered. Situation very serious.

It was signed *Speranza*. Picquart knew of no one whom he could connect with this name. On the 12th of November, he received another telegram.

They have proof that Georges fabricated *petit bleu*. Blanche.

Georges, that of course was himself, Georges Picquart. Blanche was the name of a woman with whom he had formerly been on friendly terms. But it was impossible that she should have sent the telegram.

Picquart had no difficulty in understanding. The telegrams had been handed in Paris in order to compromise him. They were to be produced as evidence that he was a party to a plot; and it was certain that arrangements had been made for them to be intercepted and copied by the authorities in Tunis.

But who was the sender? One tiny indication betrayed him. A few days before the first telegram, Esterhazy had made his declaration of war.

Mon Colonel,

I have lately received a communication formally accusing you of the most despicable machinations against me. It appears that your purpose is to substitute me for Dreyfus. I understand that letters have been stolen from my home by non-commissioned officers, acting under your orders; and I have discovered that this is quite true. Furthermore, it is stated that you have made use of papers from the Ministry for War, which were confided to your honour, in order to compose a document for the friends of the traitor. This fact also is confirmed; for one of the abstracted documents is in my possession to-day. In the face of such a monstrous accusation, I hesitate even now to

believe that a Field Officer of the French Army should have sold official secrets in order to shift the responsibility for that wretch's crime on to the shoulders of a brother officer. But you will be compelled to give a strict account in this matter.

ESTERHAZY.

So this explained the Court of Inquiry; it showed that Esterhazy and Henry were in touch. That Esterhazy was already in touch with du Paty de Clam and even, perhaps, with Boisdeffre, had not yet entered Picquart's head. But he noticed one thing. The unknown sender of the "Speranza" telegram had spelt his name incorrectly, without a "c". Curiously enough, the "c" was missing in Esterhazy's letter as well.

The clans were gathering in Paris; a storm was blowing up. Esterhazy had settled in the capital for good; Scheurer-Kestner had returned from leave; Picquart was expected in a few days. So Mathieu Dreyfus felt that the time had come to attack. On the 15th of November, he submitted a formal accusation to the Ministry for War, charging Esterhazy with the treasonable act for which Alfred Dreyfus had been sentenced.

XII

THE ESTERHAZY TRIAL

THE ESTERHAZY TRIAL

The camarilla turned about as one man. Their idea had been to hush up the whole affair; but this was just as good. During the preliminary inquiry, directed by General de Pellieux, an honourable man although blinded by nationalist prejudices, the conspiracy between the General Staff and Esterhazy became an orgy of duplicity.

Esterhazy was warned beforehand, not only of every question but of the answers he should give.

"If they ask you about the *bordereau*, do not give anything away", du Paty wrote to him one night. Another time:

"If you are asked whether you know me, say no."

Du Paty is almost a figure of comedy. He arranges the questions to be asked with Boisdeffre and Pellieux; he arranges the answers with Esterhazy. Sometimes the Marquis dictated notes for Esterhazy to his own wife so that his handwriting might not be identified. Occasionally, the Marquise du Paty de Clam even ran his errands—alternating with Commandant Henry and Madame Pays, Esterhazy's mistress. When Scheurer-Kestner acceded to the request of the

Minister for War to delay the case for a fortnight, Henry notified the accused immediately:

"The Minister has just left Scheurer-Kestner, with whom he has been lunching. Everything is going smoothly. We have held up the enemy."

Esterhazy himself treated the whole affair as a game. The farce amused him; he did not seem to have a care in the world. Indeed he had the upper hand, for the others went in fear of a public scandal at every step. A certain airy inconsequence in speaking privately about the authorship of the *bordereau* sometimes upset du Paty completely. Pellieux, the officer in charge of the inquiry, was firmly convinced of the guilt of the man on Devil's Island. No self-deception was necessary to make him believe every word that Esterhazy spoke. His duty it was to protect an innocent man against persecution by the Jews; he would have preferred to stop the case, owing to insufficient evidence. But Esterhazy begged him to do nothing of the kind. His innocence must be established by public proceedings. Once again, after Pellieux had handed over his case to Ravary, the *juge d'instruction*, he made the same request to the latter; for he wanted to be tried and acquitted. Only an acquittal could secure him, once and for all, against any future eventuality.

The officers composing the Court had already

been coached in their parts by the Governor of Paris; but, in order to remove any possible doubt as to what was expected of them, General Billot arose in the Chamber of Deputies on the 4th of December, to answer a question put by a clerical party leader who had obviously been primed. He declared, on his honour and conscience, that Dreyfus was guilty; he would give his word for it. Seventeen officers bore witness to the fact that the verdict had been rendered justly and in conformity with the Law. The minute difference between Dreyfus' guilt and Esterhazy's innocence was a fine point for jurists—not for soldiers. A few days later, Billot repeated his declaration before the Senate. There was no appreciable opposition in either House. The "revisionist" Press—it already existed, for the *Figaro*, in a daring article, had pointed to Esterhazy as the culprit—was still too weak to exercise any influence on the electors and on the general feeling of the country. Five-sixths of the population were against Dreyfus; and the Sovereignty of the People hung like a sword of Damocles over the Deputies. Even the sincere Republicans, even the Radicals, did not dare to make a move; they preferred to avoid their own conclusions and to stifle their inmost convictions. Their seats were in danger. Arguments were the only ammunition that the

little band of revisionists had brought into the field as yet; and only events could turn over the ground. Scheurer-Kestner was a voice crying in the wilderness. And that voice died away for want of facts to support it. The Senator had to conceal the few facts he could have produced, on Picquart's account; for they were contained in secret military documents.

In the meantime, Picquart himself had arrived. He was accused, prosecutor and witness at the same time. Scheurer-Kestner insisted that he should give evidence in the Esterhazy trial. An officer met him in Marseilles with an order that he was to communicate with no one before the trial and accompanied him to Paris. And he arrived there to find that his flat had just been searched.

* * *

As an overture to the Court-Martial, the *Figaro*, which had been for some weeks the most reliable mouthpiece of the Dreyfus party, published an indirect portrait of the accused officer. This consisted of Esterhazy's letters to Madame de Boulancy, a former mistress, who felt that she had been ill-used and exploited and who, from the somewhat questionable motive of revenge, published a part of his correspondence. They were very intimate letters and certainly not intended for publication. They dated many

years back; but in any case, they shed an interesting sidelight on the protégé of the nationalists. Esterhazy cursed his superior officers, the Army and the French in general, to his heart's content. The choicest morsel was the so-called Uhlan letter, which had been written in a fit of anti-French fury:

> If any one came to me to-morrow and told me that I should fall at the head of a squadron of Uhlans, cutting down Frenchmen, God knows how happy I should be. Paris taken by storm and plundered by 100,000 drunken soldiers—that is a feast that I dream of. . . .

The original copies of these letters were confiscated. Esterhazy denied that he had written most of them. And the expert opinion of the graphologists was, of course, not quite ready by the time of the trial. . . .

* * *

The Court-Martial on Esterhazy was an empty formality. The members, subordinates of the Minister for War, who had given them a public hint with a big stick, had no doubt about the result from the time the trial opened. Ravary's summary of evidence was a plea for Esterhazy and a bitter attack on Picquart. Sitting behind the Judge' bench was General de Pellieux, who spoke in favour of the accused whenever it

seemed to him to be desirable. Madame Dreyfus, who, with Maître Demange and Maître Labori, attempted to intervene, was refused a hearing. The Court knew that Scheurer-Kestner and Mathieu Dreyfus would harm Picquart if they said anything definite; so, as nothing was to be feared from them, they were examined in public. That looked well; it was quite in harmony with Billot's declaration that they were not afraid of the light of day; and it did no harm. But as soon as the time came for the military witnesses and Picquart to give evidence, the public was excluded. Even the evidence of the handwriting experts was given *in camera*. Of course, it was in favour of Esterhazy; Pellieux and Ravary had found the right man. But, whereas the handwriting experts, Bertillon among them, had pretended to identify Dreyfus' own hand at the trial in Cherche-Midi, in this case the defence—backed up by the experts—was based on the assumption that the *bordereau* was an "imitation of Esterhazy's handwriting by Dreyfus". Here was a contradiction of 1894, which, had the proceedings taken place in public, would have made an impartial audience suspicious.

Esterhazy's evidence was superficial and inconclusive. He denied his guilt and put together a complex story as to how Dreyfus obtained a

specimen of his handwriting in order to imitate it. His letter to Picquart was brought up. How did he get wind of the suspicions against himself? He could not compromise either Henry or du Paty de Clam; so now he brought out his world-famed romance of the Veiled Lady. An unknown woman had given him a *rendezvous*; she had waited for him in a cab and handed over the documents. At subsequent meetings, she had given him further information concerning the accusations against him. He did not know the lady's name. The *petit bleu* was a forgery; Picquart had caused his flat to be burgled for letters.

Other matters were brought up. A little while before the Dreyfus affair, Esterhazy had told some of his friends that only a crime could save him from his financial difficulties. He had done mysterious business with an agency called the "Alibi Office", which had letters posted in any foreign town. It was stated that he had asked rich Jewish families for money—amongst others, the Baroness Rothschild and the Chief Rabbi; he could not disprove it. Neither could he deny that he had been in the hands of money-lenders. There was no doubt that, in August or September 1894, he had asked a brother officer in the artillery to lend him the new Field Artillery Manual. Finally, Madame Pays, his mistress, was called. She had nothing of interest to say.

The trial took the course that the General Staff had planned and expected. Picquart's evidence was taken *in camera*; and when journalists questioned him as he left the Court, he said nothing. His whole atmosphere was manly, serious, somewhat aloof; this straightforward, earnest man with a face tanned by the African sun, clear eyes and hair slightly grey on his temples, contrasted very favourably with the swaggering, dandified officers around him.

But his time is not yet come.

* * *

An unparalleled wave of indignation seized the seekers after truth at the spectacle of this hollow travesty of justice.

Georges Clemenceau, one of the Dreyfus' earliest defenders, wrote in the *Aurore*.

"As for this trial—who is actually on trial? Is it Esterhazy? Not a trace of it—Colonel Picquart is the accused. The government Commissary refuses to allow the Dreyfus party a hearing when they demand justice. Naturally. Esterhazy's counsel had no great faith in his client's case; so he declined to take up contradictory proceedings. That is a small matter; the whole thing has been arranged beforehand. But the most scandalous thing in the whole proceedings is that the public should be ex-

cluded at the moment when Colonel Picquart, publicly accused, seeks publicly to defend himself. Never has the Jesuitry of Billot, who staged the whole affair, shown itself more clearly. This man needs secrecy in order to get himself out of trouble. But I dare to prophesy that he will not get the secrecy he wants. That would be all too easy—to befoul an officer's character before all France and then to silence his defence—whilst, at the same time the head of the Army is taxing his ingenuity to whitewash a man who once expressed the wish to be a Captain of Prussian Uhlans and to mow down Frenchmen. How can they dare to present this disgusting spectacle? They are trying to protect, not the interests of France, but the interests of those whom Picquart is compelled to attack in self-defence—those who stand under the protection of General de Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff."

* * *

On the 11th of January, at half-past nine in the evening, Esterhazy was found *not guilty* by a unanimous vote. The Court had considered its verdict for exactly three minutes. The audience, who had been re-admitted to hear the verdict, applauded frantically.

"Vive la France!" they cried. For them, this man represented France. The Jingo Press exulted;

it was check-mate for the Jews. And immediately after the trial, Picquart received 60 days' fortress arrest, with the notification that the inquiry into his conduct was still to be held. In the General Election on the 13th of January, Scheurer-Kestner lost the Vice-Presidency of the Senate. Things are looking black for a revision. A fresh and a massive obstacle, not easy to remove, has come between the verdict of 1894 and the triumph of truth—Esterhazy's acquittal. It is a brand-new official truth that opposes any re-trial. It is holy, untouchable. The General Staff have won all along the line. Esterhazy is in sanctuary; and the verdict against Dreyfus has acquired a bright new halo.

XIII

J'ACCUSE

XIII

J'ACCUSE

Even so, there were two sides to the question now. The guarded silence surrounding the Dreyfus affair had been broken. The guilt of the banished officer was a debatable question; it was no longer an axiom, an accepted fact. A small section of educated opinion had awakened; the Esterhazy epic was too full of contradictions not to have attracted the attention of keen observers of public life. And professors, journalists and writers began to take an interest in the countless obscure complexities of the case.

Two days after Esterhazy's acquittal, Clemenceau's *Aurore* published Émile Zola's letter of accusation, "J'accuse", which afterwards became world-famous. Zola was at that time at the pinnacle of his genius and his fame; his words carried weight. He was the most sober writer of the century; this had brought him both praise and abuse, but neither friend nor foe could call him a visionary. Contemporary criticism had accused this eminent realist of being almost too truthful. He had ruffled convention and tradition by calling things by their real names. Such a voice could not be drowned. It was a long and extremely bitter attack, that revealed almost

supernatural courage in a man of sixty, whose position was assured. It showed an extraordinarily keen scent, an uncanny power of divination. He fitted events together with an accuracy that appeared to be almost presumptuous, but which tallied exactly with the true facts as revealed years afterwards. At certain points he shot over the mark, but these matters are inconsiderable compared to the accuracy of his vision as a whole. He saw what had taken place in the dark. With the fragments that were brought to him, with the lying reports of the trials, his creative hand seized what was behind the lies and his keen eyes saw through the outward show. Clemenceau read his manuscript through and hesitated.

"That is going too far," he thought; "it is more than I can answer for." Only his respect for the writer prevented him from refusing publication.

"J'accuse" excited immense interest far beyond France's borders. For the first time, the affair began to assume a really international aspect and the world began to listen. Zola's fame made his accusation an alarm-bell for mankind. With the touch of genius he showed the living picture of the collusion between Esterhazy and the General Staff. His data in themselves were faint and shadowy; but the accuracy of his synthesis was overwhelming. He had hardly seen one of the

principal actors in the drama face to face, but he saw their parts, their destiny and their relationship clearly. He branded du Paty as the murky plotter he was; lover of back-stairs intrigues. He scourged Mercier for his brutality and narrowness, Boisdeffre for his clerical partisanship. All these men had at first acted in good faith; but now Billot, Gonse and Boisdeffre knew that Captain Dreyfus was innocent and held back their knowledge for political reasons and in order to avoid compromising the General Staff. The handwriting experts of the Esterhazy trial are lying, too; "unless medical experts can certify that they are suffering from some disease of the eyes or the brain". He accused the General Staff of a shameful conspiracy to deceive public opinion; and both Courts-Martial of defeating the ends of Justice.

Scheurer-Kestner and Mathieu Dreyfus had adopted peaceful methods; but this was nearly civil war. Zola knew that his assumptions were nothing less than criminal libel; but that was exactly what he wanted. He desired a prosecution so that he might prove the truth of his statements.

But the defenders of the "Jesuits den", as he had called the Ministry for War, had the advantage of him. Their power and cunning proved his undoing.

The Minister for War declared that the mud flung in the Press could not reach him or his collaborators in the General Staff and asked for a prosecution only on behalf of the members of the Esterhazy Court-Martial who were attacked. There was no danger to be apprehended on this ground; for it could never be proved that the members of the Court had knowingly brought in a false verdict.

The trial by jury from the 7th to the 23rd of February 1898 was a travesty of justice. The Court and the jury were literally under the dictatorship of the streets and the military party. Every day saw stormy demonstrations of chauvinism and personal threats to the accused, ovations for the Generals and the patriot Esterhazy. It was a long time since the Paris mob, now allied with a table-thumping *petite bourgeoisie*, had been able to give so free a rein to its worst instincts. Since the days of Boulanger, the messes, the barracks and the boulevards had never been so full of swaggering officers and bloodthirsty rabble. As a historian of that time has said, the air reeked of revolution and St. Bartholomew's Night. So it was outside. Inside the Palais de Justice, the Court was terrorised and the jury hypnotised by the sabre-rattling Staff officers who came to give evidence, blazing with orders and medals and the subalterns in

mufti who gave the correct tone from the gallery.

* * *

DEAR SIR,

It will be difficult for me to produce officers to support the Prosecution and the Court from the gallery to-morrow (Sunday). But on Monday and Tuesday, you may count on my people. . . .

This is an extract from a letter, written by du Paty to a person in the confidence of the Public Prosecutor, which by some chance got into the wrong hands.

* * *

The President of the Court kept a jealous watch lest the proceedings should get on to forbidden or dangerous ground. The evidence was restricted to the question as to whether Esterhazy's judges had deliberately brought about a miscarriage of justice. All other questions were kept out as far as possible—though not always with success. Occasionally, the three defending barristers, Maître Labori and the brothers Albert and Georges Clemenceau, managed to pierce the barrier and enable important evidence to be heard. Jaurès told of the blackmailing letters with which Esterhazy and du Paty had weakened the President of the Republic; Picquart gave an account of the discovery of the *petit bleu* and gave an overwhelming picture of Esterhazy's character.

A Court of Inquiry had recommended that Picquart should be removed from the Army, a short time before the Zola trial began. The reason given was that he had committed breaches of official secrecy. But the Minister for War, without whose confirmation the sentence could not be carried into effect, was clever enough to withhold his decision until the verdict had been pronounced in the Zola trials.

But Picquart did not allow himself to be intimidated by the threat of punishment, hard though it was for him to leave the Service; he kept calm even when his former colleagues accused him of having manufactured the *petit bleu*. He made allowances for them; because, he said, they were acting on Sandherr's last instructions; on the solemn injunction which the paralytic had laid upon them, to guard the honour of the Intelligence Service, as represented by the verdict of 1894, through thick and thin.

Henry, who had recently been promoted Colonel, was ready with a special *coup*, as usual. Again, as at Cherche-Midi in 1894, he surrounded himself with mystery; again he produced a splendid stage effect by a mixture of straightforwardness and portentous secrecy. Up till now, there had been only documents and secret documents; Henry revealed that there were

"ultra-secret" documents. Apart from all the other evidence against Dreyfus, Sandherr had had another document in his possession, which had never and should never have been mentioned. It was more important, but also more dangerous, than all the others. The jury did not understand; and Henry declared that he could say no more. But a few days later, he gave them the required information indirectly. His fellow-partisan, Millevoye, read out in a political meeting at Suresnes, a "marginal note" to the *bordereau*, written in his own hand by no less a person than the German Emperor, in which Captain Dreyfus was explicitly named as a German agent; a photograph of this document was in the French "ultra-secret" archives.

So now the jury knew.

* * *

It was Pellieux who brought about the climax; drama piled upon drama. After an exchange of words with Picquart, in which the General had not come off very well, he asked to be allowed to speak once more. How could anyone dare to stir up the Dreyfus case again? Did they wish entirely to destroy the confidence of the country in its generals? Did they wish to provoke a war and send your sons, gentlemen of the jury, to the slaughter. Why mention the *bordereau*? With

or without the Imperial comment, it mattered little; far more damning proofs had come to hand since the Dreyfus trial. He, the general, had seen the most important of them with his own eyes. It was a letter written by a foreign attaché to a colleague; and it said that questions would shortly be asked regarding Dreyfus, but that neither attaché must let his government know that they had indeed worked with Dreyfus.

Thunders of applause from the gallery. These misguided people could not even see the obvious contradiction: if the attachés had kept their connexion with Dreyfus a secret from their respective governments, how could Wilhelm II have made a marginal note on the *bordereau*? Labori scented the carrion and asked to see the attaché's letter—the *document Vercingetorix*. And Pellieux, flushed with triumph, turned to his orderly:

"Take a cab and bring General de Boisdeffre here."

The excitement reached its pitch. There was a quarter of an hour of intense tension in Court; then Boisdeffre appeared. But at the same moment, the presiding judge was called to the telephone; and when he returned to the Court, he adjourned the proceedings without another word.

EMILE ZOLA

MAÎTRE LABORI

On the next day, nothing was said about the attaché's letter. Boisdeffre did, indeed, declare that General de Pellieux's statements were entirely correct. But the *document Vercingetorix* fell under the table; the presiding judge asked no more questions; the Chief of the General Staff did not mention it; the big gun had misfired. Only Picquart could not refrain from saying that he considered it to be a forgery.

The Government itself had sounded the retreat. Rumours of Panizzardi's alleged letter had reached the Italian Embassy some time before the Zola trial; and the Ambassador had made a vigorous protest to the Minister for Foreign Affairs against the use of a document whose authenticity he denied. He had offered Panizzardi's solemn oath that he did not know Dreyfus. The Minister had thereupon given his word that no further use would be made of the Panizzardi letter.

No further discussion of the ominous document was now possible; but the effect of Pellieux's declaration could not be arrested. It had made a great impression on the jury, the public and the Press. The cause of the accused and cause of the "revision" were in a bad way.

Boisdeffre had little else to say. When the defence questioned him concerning the proceedings at the Dreyfus trial and the file which

was sent into the conference room, the presiding judge intervened and disallowed the question. Nor did Mercier give any information on this point; he pleaded "official secrecy", a pretext of which all the military witnesses made extensive use. Esterhazy declared, at the very beginning of his examination, that he would refuse on principle to answer any questions put to him by those who had accused him of an infamous crime—that is, by Zola and the defending counsel. The Court allowed this attitude without any comment.

The situation in which the jurymen were placed was such as to produce a mockery of justice. Their verdict was clogged by prejudices artificially fomented, terrorised by the shouts of the mob and threats from the gallery, even as the foregoing evidence had been. While Zola offered his life in pledge for the innocence of the banished man, the jury of timid citizens could read in the newspapers that Zola's acquittal meant war with Germany, pogroms and the dissolution of France. They were not big enough; they would not assume this responsibility; and the conduct of the trial had made it easy for them to combine a bad verdict with an easy conscience. Zola was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and the responsible editor of the *Aurore* to four months', plus a fine of three

thousand francs in each case. They gave notice of appeal; and whilst this was pending, Zola escaped to England.

The patriots were jubilant; a whole country rejoiced in its hate. The little band of men who, as accused, counsel and witnesses, had defended the seemingly hopeless cause of Right against Might, barely escaped lynching. Clemenceau said afterwards:

"I was there when the verdict was given. And I confess that I was not prepared for such an outburst of rage. If Zola had been acquitted that day, not one of us twelve would have come out alive."

He did not exaggerate. Patriotic passion was white-hot; the military party stoked the flames, issued inflammatory notices and lying reports on the machinations of the so-called Dreyfus Syndicate and the *Alliance Israélite*. During the trial, the frenzied mob had already attacked a carriage at the entrance of the Palais de Justice, thinking that Zola was in it. It was actually the carriage of the prefect of police. Organised attacks by anti-Semitic gangs on persons concerned in the trial were the order of the day. On the Boulevard de Strasbourg and the Boulevard Voltaire, Jewish shops were raided and sacked by an armed band; several persons were wounded. Even worse incidents took place in the provinces; in

Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Lyons, Toulon and in the eastern frontier towns. Regular pogroms occurred in Algiers. The police behaved shamefully; they let the bandits do as they liked, shut both eyes and made no difficulties. Clemenceau is reported to have said at that time:

"We are living under a Czarist Republic."

XIV

VERCINGETORIX

XIV

VERCINGETORIX

The agitation on Dreyfus' behalf seemed to be at an end. Picquart's threatened dismissal from the Army became a fact; disciplinary measures were taken against all "Dreyfusards" in official positions. Maître Leblois was disbarred; an aged public analyst who had signed a petition on behalf of Dreyfus was deprived of his living; for similar reasons, Joseph Reinach, an officer of the Territorial Army who had been a Deputy until that time, was deprived of his commission by Billot. Clemenceau and Jaurès did not give up the fight, but there seemed to be no hope in sight. The elections of May 1898 gave the *coup de grâce*. Anti-Semitic and nationalistic propaganda carried the slogan "For or against the traitor" to the polls; and in the scramble for seats, the candidates of all parties had more or less pledged themselves against Revision, apart from a small party which appeared to be unlucky. The protagonists of jingoism, such as Millevoye, Déroulède and Drumont, had got into the new Chamber; Jaurès remained outside. The banner of the Dreyfusards was tattered; they were weary and sceptical. Things had gone so far that well-to-do Jews organised demonstra-

tions against Revision, in order to show that they were quite house-broken. There appeared to be no hope of salvation. Brisson, the new Minister-President, was a Radical and, at the bottom of his heart, he was well disposed towards the little band of intellectuals who favoured Dreyfus. But he felt that it would be the extreme of folly to stand up for a lost cause; and he chose as Minister for War one of the few Radicals who were rabid opponents of Dreyfus: Godefroy Cavaignac, who, at the beginning of the year, had already urged him to declare himself against Dreyfus. In his earliest speeches, Cavaignac gave what seemed to be the last blow to a dying movement: one of his first acts on assuming office was to read the *document Vercingetorix*, word for word, from the tribune of the Chamber, without the slightest consideration for the undertaking given to the Italian Ambassador. Pellieux had only spoken in a half-veiled manner of this famous document during the Zola trial. Cavaignac read it out *in extenso*, only leaving out the word "Rome" in the barest diplomatic courtesy. He accompanied the reading with a more than caustic commentary; and once more, the storm of enthusiasm broke forth. Once more, the doubters were glad that they were able to doubt no longer. It was a load off every chest, the final justification of the Army Chiefs. Cavaignac

garnered praise from the Press of every party. And when Picquart had the impudence to call the *document libérateur* a forgery in an open letter to the Minister-President next day, he was at once arrested on the old charge of breach of official secrecy and was confined for nearly a year.

"The Affair is buried," said the *Figaro*, with something of irony, but something of relief as well; for since the beginning of the Zola campaign, it, too, had retired imperceptibly. . . .

These were the darkest days for the seekers after truth. Not one of them realised how near it was. No good had come of the favourable opinion of the first handwriting expert in 1894; nor of Picquart's discovery of the *petit bleu*. Nothing had happened when Mathieu Dreyfus put Esterhazy's name before the world; nor at any moment when the stars seemed propitious—nothing. But now, when the fighters had been beaten to a standstill and their chief driven into exile; just as they seemed to be breaking up and the Chamber had voted that Cavaignac's speech was to be placarded on the wall of every *Mairie*; then the first turning in the long road, a sensation as yet undreamt-of, was standing close by the door. Hardly a single person in all France expected it.

On the walls of every *Mairie* in the country

stood Cavaignac's speech with its justification: the text of the *document Vercingetorix.*

But the numbness that overwhelmed the Revisionists did not last for long. Simultaneously with Picquart's arrest, another arrest was made known, which took place almost at the same hour. The news must have chilled the ardour of the patriots painfully; it was a warning and a sign that something was not quite in order.

A *juge d'instruction* of the civil power, M. Bertulus, had arrested Commandant Esterhazy and Madame Pays as well. He it was who had been entrusted with preparation of Picquart's case against the unknown author of the Tunis telegrams. He was a man who knew his own mind; and the first examination of Picquart had made a deep impression on him—an impression which was the exact opposite of public opinion. One day he searched Esterhazy's flat in the Rue de la Bienfaisance—and, this time, found him unprepared. The contents of the desk revealed his collusion with du Paty; gave certain suspicious clues on the *bordereau*; and proved with certainty that the "Speranza" and "Blanche" telegrams were concocted and dispatched by Esterhazy and Madame Pays. Bertulus arrested them both.

Esterhazy raged and threatened revelations; he felt that his protectors had deserted him. In

point of fact, his arrest was only an episode, a passing squall. For four weeks, the two great opponents, Picquart and Esterhazy, were imprisoned in the Santé, almost next door to one another.

But once again, subterranean forces got to work to free the man whom the Duc d'Orléans had publicly embraced as the personification of the heroic ideals of France, from the clutches of Nemesis. On the 12th of August, proceedings were dropped, on the grounds of insufficient evidence—although Madame Pays had already confessed her share in the concoction of the telegrams; and the precious pair were set at liberty.

It was a short reprieve. Bertulus had already told Henry, face to face, that Esterhazy was the author of the *bordereau*. And Henry, without attempting to deny it, had broken down; he subsided into an armchair, beseeching Bertulus to "leave it alone—protect the Army!" And, twenty-four hours after Esterhazy's release, came panic.

On the evening of the 13th of August, Captain Cuignet, who was no friend of Dreyfus and had been entrusted by Cavaignac with the re-classification of the documents, was sitting in his office and classifying them by the light of a lamp; he came to the great *pièce de résistance*,

the *document Vercingetorix*. This document was generally known by photographs which Henry had had prepared for the use of his chiefs and the Ministers; they reproduced faithfully its torn and crumpled condition. The original had hardly been used; now it was to receive a new number. Cuignet held it up to the lamp and started.

There was no possible doubt; the letter was composed of two different kinds of paper. The beginning and the end were the same; they had a faint bluish tinge. But the light shone reddish through the middle, the important part of the letter. Cuignet was disconcerted. He reported his discovery to Cavaignac. The Minister turned pale: the Palladium was worthless.

Henry was recalled from leave. At first, he denied everything. At last, under Cavaignac's merciless interrogation, he confessed that he had manufactured the letter himself. The heading, "Dear Friend", and the signature were genuine; Henry had torn them out of an old letter of Panizzardi's which had nothing to do with the case. The remaining contents—that Panizzardi would say nothing in Rome and Schwartzkoppen should say nothing in Berlin of their mutual relations with Dreyfus—was a clever forgery.

It is to the honour of Cavaignac that he never thought for a moment of hushing up the scandal

that was bound to bring about his fall. A few weeks before, he had coldly rejected a suggestion that he should interfere with Judge Bertulus' investigations.

His hostility to a Revision was founded on honest conviction; there was a moral abyss between him and such men as Mercier, Boisdeffre and du Paty de Clam.

Henry was arrested and imprisoned in the fort of Mont Valérien. Next day, he was found with his throat cut. The *Agence Havas* reported that he had committed suicide. Esterhazy, as well as Picquart, afterwards expressed doubt on this version. His death, like many episodes in his life, was very convenient.

And on the walls of every *Mairie* in France, Cavaignac's speech still flaunted the *document Vercingetorix*, its justification.

XV

REVISION IN SIGHT

XV

REVISION IN SIGHT

It was an incitement to revolution and civil war. France, so often misused, misled and exacerbated, was in such a state of mind after Henry's confession as has scarcely been known since. The country and the people were literally torn asunder, to right and left. A large part fumbled blindly in the path which the instinctive generosity of the Frenchman pointed out to them. They had believed the leaders of their beloved Army; now it was no longer a question of beliefs, but of facts. Those who still had a sneaking preference for suppressing facts and maintaining prestige under the guise of patriotism, found themselves gradually in the minority. Still, their power was very great; for behind them was the Army—the Army, which could rely, as it always had relied, on the gullible soul of the Public. There lay the danger. So long as all France stood firm behind the wire-pullers in power, outward stability was at least assured. But now, the military autocracy had ceased to be regarded as infallible. It was to be feared that this military autocracy, no longer in accord with the voice of the people, would attempt to assert itself in defiance of that voice and refuse

to give up the powers with which it had been entrusted; that the same methods of swindling that had been used in connivance with constituted authority might be used against it. And so the further development of the Dreyfus case continued for the time being in this dangerous atmosphere; under the threat of a military rebellion, a *coup d'état.* The *coup d'état* is the spoken or unspoken motto of the whole following year. And this motto is the key-word that explains many immense and otherwise incomprehensible events and disappointments.

Public opinion underwent a change overnight. A stroke of lightning had changed the whole complexion of events that had seemed divinely ordained. Henry was a forger. This fatal document that had silenced the last doubts on the authenticity of the *bordereau*; that Pellieux had used against Zola, with such deadly effect that the most determined protagonist of the Revision had been driven into exile; that should have established the inviolability of the leaders of the Army; the document that Cavaignac had flourished as the last trump in his thundering speech to the Chamber and produced once more before the Senate; this paper that still flaunted its text as a public proclamation—was nothing but a filthy rag, used by the General Staff to clean its epaulettes. For true Frenchmen, hesita-

tion was no longer possible. The man who had raised his hand to swear against Dreyfus, whose oath had given Esterhazy his freedom; this man was a common swindler, a forger, an accomplice. The cry for a re-trial of the Dreyfus case ran through the streets of France; from that day forth, the military caste was under suspicion.

Boisdeffre resigned; du Paty was court-martialled and dismissed the service a few days later. That Esterhazy's removal from the Army was essential had already been recognised by the authorities themselves. He had been dismissed on the recommendation of a Court of Inquiry at the end of August—without treading on the dangerous ground of the *bordereau* and the Dreyfus affair. For the details of the Major's private life which had become known were more than sufficient—his Uhlan letters, the fact that he had shares in a house of ill-fame and his shady transactions generally. And so the most formidable opponent disappears from the scene, to take refuge abroad.

But the swarm soon gathered again, after the first shock. Its secret head was now Félix Faure, President of the Republic, who, representing the State, still believed that the State had cause to fear the truth. Cavaignac had become impossible as Minister for War, but he clung to his portfolio as long as possible. He had held it once

before under Bourgeois in 1895–96, that year of heavy secrecy; at the time when Dreyfus' guilt was an article of faith, he had been steeped in that atmosphere by Mercier's henchmen and was no longer able to free himself. He proclaimed his conviction publicly once more before he resigned. Brisson let him go, as he no longer wished anything to stand in the way of a revision; and summoned Zurlinden, who, he hoped, was converted. Zurlinden accepted, on condition that he should be allowed to examine the Dreyfus papers once more before considering any steps for revision. Having done so, he showed his true colours; he saw no grounds whatever for allowing an appeal. The obstructionism of the military party stood as firm as a rock.

But the civil power, if it could still be called a power, was now determined to clear up the matter. Nothing shows more clearly the change which had taken place, than the fact that Brisson asked none other than Mathieu Dreyfus to suggest who should be the next Minister for War.

Mathieu is a commanding figure. His brother's catastrophe had come like an earthquake into this business man's life and diverted him from his normal path. Without any desire or inclination on his part and seeking only the rehabilitation of his brother, he had slid more and more

into political life. It had begun with his relations with Scheurer-Kestner; gradually, Mathieu had become the motive power of the political Dreyfusards. He had absorbed the whole stuff of parliamentary life, had met the leaders, to urge or be urged by them; he knew their ways and their terminology and understood their interests. The force of his brotherly love had become a political factor and he was now a person to be reckoned with. And his unofficial position had been tremendously strengthened by the Henry episode. Alfred Dreyfus was still cut off from the world; far off in Guiana a Thing that had been a man was rotting away under the heel of his warder. But his brother had become great through him; impelled, not by ambition, but by the highest instincts that work for good in this world. Brisson's request did not embarrass or disconcert him in the very least. He felt that it was his right to speak his mind among the leaders of the State; and he recommended that General Darras should be made Minister for War on this occasion. The man who had degraded Dreyfus was the proper person to rehabilitate him.

But Darras refused; and from the difficulty of finding a suitable person, fresh complications arose. Brisson summoned General Chanoine, who, at first, seemed neutral. Zurlinden was appointed Military Governor of Paris and con-

tinued to obstruct the issue—with the direct or indirect assistance of the President of the Republic. When the Commission appointed by the Government to deal with the revision declared their willingness to hear Picquart, the first thing he attempted was to undermine the evidence of this witness. Picquart and his lawyer were to have been tried by the Civil Power, as Leblois was a civilian and they were accomplices in the alleged breach of secrecy. That in itself was irregular, as Picquart had already been punished by dismissal for his so-called breach of discipline; and the law did not allow a man to be punished twice. But now, Zurlinden revived the old story that Picquart had forged the *petit bleu* and bundled him off to a Court-Martial, where he could rely on a strict interpretation of military "necessities". At the hearing before the Civil Court, Zurlinden succeeded in causing Picquart to be handed over from Civil to Military jurisdiction and thereby transferred from the Santé to the Military Prison of Cherche-Midi. At this, Picquart finally flung all respect for his former hierarchical superiors to the winds; and his voice rang out in the Court-room:

"If Henry's razor is found in my cell to-morrow, you will know that it was a murder. I have not the slightest idea of suicide."

The Commission could no longer consider the evidence of a witness awaiting trial on so grave a charge; and influenced, no doubt, partly by political considerations, they voted against the revision. The Governor seemed to have got his way. But Brisson would no longer swerve from the path of justice and went over the head of the Commission. There were as many votes for the appeal as against it; and this gave him a legal right to ignore the decision. He held a Cabinet Council and won; the appeal was allowed. Madame Dreyfus had already presented her petition; and the Minister for Justice received orders to grant it.

XVI

CIVIL WAR

XVI

CIVIL WAR

The Nationalists were enraged. No one took the victim personally into consideration; he had long since become a mere symbol. Struggling politicians trampled down the body of an individual. The patriotic extremists now said openly what Boisdeffre had once said in private: that justice or injustice was no longer the question; Devil's Island was not a valid argument against reasons of State; and the Army must not be let down. Secrecy or truth were the opposing slogans; and the fight raged round these alone. Sometimes one party got the upper hand, sometimes the other; sometimes there were drawn battles. But every phase now took on the complexion of policy; the question was: what was to be the guiding spirit of the State in the future? And the partisans not infrequently came to blows. The Revisionists themselves often made serious mistakes. Their extreme group attacked not only the abuses in the Army and the responsible parties, but the Army itself. One of their propaganda pamphlets stamped them as a revolutionary army, officered by exiles. This, of course, gave colour to the statement that the Revision was an international attack on the national

defence. With strikes, meetings, riots and plans for armed rebellion, the storm raged over France; rumours of an officers' mutiny, a *coup d'état*, nationalist plots, a plot against the Constitution by the President himself, flew about. The Fashoda incident with England, which occurred about this time, increased the agitation; again there was talk of war. Feelings were strained to breaking point and many expected a revolution.

Every yard of ground was bitterly contested. Chanoine unmasked himself in the Chamber, and attacking his Cabinet from the rear, declared that it would be absurd to allow an appeal. Orders of the day tilted the scales, sometimes to one side, sometimes to another: "Protection of the Civil Power" or "Suppression of Attacks on the Army". Public and parliamentary opinion was not yet crystallised; it was at the mercy of hysteria and of every little incident. Brisson fell and was replaced by Dupuy, who had been a colleague of Mercier in 1894. His first order of the day: "*L'honneur de l'Armée et le respect de la Justice*", shows with what a Janus face he assumed office. Fifty handshakes for the Dreyfusards and fifty more for the Patriots. It was said that Freycinet, his Minister for War, was in favour of a re-trial; his Minister for Justice had taken up a stand against Dreyfus at the election. An

amusing reversal of the previous attitude of the two Ministers. Dupuy treated the matter as a game of chess.

In the meantime, the Criminal Bench of the Cour de Cassation was publicly considering the question of Revision. Around them howled the mob; Zurlinden kept back the papers of the Dreyfus case which they demanded and wrote a letter with thinly-veiled threats of military action. The yellow Press was screaming, for the name of the presiding judge was enough for them—it was Loew. The judges went in fear of their lives; none of them dared sign the report. At last, Councillor Bard—the only unmarried man on the bench—undertook this duty. The Bench may already have made up their minds; but the cries of the mob would not allow the judges to make themselves heard. It was impossible, under the circumstances, to continue the debate in public. So the Bench decided not, indeed, to allow appeal itself but to admit that there were sufficient grounds for allowing it. That was as far as they dared to go. The aged Public Procurator, Manau, had the courage to demand an interruption of the sentence; but the Court did not dare to follow him. With the greatest difficulty, in face of the opposition of the Minister-President, it was at least decided to inform Dreyfus. Half a victory had been won; but the other half still

rested with the Sword, the Fist and the Poisoned Pen.

* * *

In February 1898, Dreyfus had submitted a petition to the Commission. No answer. In the spring or summer, a sympathetic warder whispered to him: "On s'occupe de vous." On the 16th of November, he received a telegram from the Criminal Bench; and a glimmer of life came into those tired eyes.

* * *

Zurlinden's stalwarts were exulting or else grinding their teeth. Although it was clear that their influence was not yet broken, their next attacks were unsuccessful. The first was an attempt to prevent Picquart from giving evidence before the Criminal Bench. But the Civil Power was already gaining strength; and, in spite of the ambiguity of the Minister for Justice, public opinion would no longer permit the more arbitrary acts of despotism. Then Zurlinden sought to hurry on the Court-Martial on the forgery charge—in spite of the fact that the only clue he had was shown to be worthless. It was the mark of an erasure on the address of the *petit bleu*; but as the first photographs of the express letter did not reveal this spot, it

had obviously been introduced later in order to discredit Picquart. And a third attempt was made to kill the truth by means of a secret trial. But the stars in their courses fought for Picquart. How all the forces of darkness worked their inexorable will on Dreyfus; how the slimy walls of secrecy and perjury rose around him, dreadfully moulding themselves to his own narrow, inarticulate personality—secret letters, secret proceedings; secret papers and secret hints. This heavy, breathless, ominous atmosphere became the sum of his inward and outward existence—his aridity and aloofness, his lack of expression and magnetism—and so to his prison and his island. But these saturnine forces were powerless against Picquart; another planet shaped his destiny. Zurlinden's plan became known in time and petitions and parliamentary proceedings shed the full light of day upon him; the trick was too obvious. Picquart's counsel obtained the indefinite adjournment of the Court-Martial and soon after, a civil trial. He was brought back to the Santé; and a nationalist serenade of hisses under the window of his cell was the meagre result of Zurlinden's efforts. In spite of his frantic opposition, the Ministry for War was compelled to hand over the Dreyfus papers to the Criminal Bench. The military party, once more concerned for international peace, pleaded

that diplomatic relations would be endangered. But Brisson, with the help of the Chamber, broke their resistance.

The cause of Right was blooming. But the stability of the citizens was doubtful; the security of the State was problematic. Domestic politics had reached the pinnacle of danger. The campaign of lies had gone on too long; public opinion had been poisoned without counting the cost. The people and the parties were splitting asunder and the country seemed on the point of dissolving into chaos. Dupuy was not, indeed, an outstanding figure of honesty; but responsibility was a very heavy load in those days. A conscientious statesman would have needed immense authority to run straight; no one had such authority. Dupuy knew that if steered a fraction too much to the right or the left, the ship would capsize. He may be called an opportunist; certainly he deserves no better name. But the pressure of circumstances was overpowering; such excitement in politics was unparalleled for many years back. And now the Criminal Bench was the target of partisan fury. They knew its disposition, they wished to eliminate it; and they succeeded. Picquart had been brought from prison to undergo several hours' interrogation; after this, Loew had ordered a glass of hot toddy for him. This was proof of

connivance with the Dreyfus party. The President of the Civil Bench, an admirer of Félix Faure, laid information against his colleague of the Criminal Bench; as this had no effect, he resigned and started a frantic Press campaign against the Criminal Bench; it had been sold to the Jews! It should not be allowed to conduct the investigation further.

A subscription-list was circulated for the widow of Henry, who had been consecrated a national martyr and to whom a monument had been proposed. This dubious document bore the names of innumerable officers of all ranks; and under their ægis, called out for violence and for persecution of the Jews. Félix Faure, too, was working behind the scenes; and Dupuy was not big enough to resist him. His proposed law to entrust further inquiries to the combined benches of the Cour de Cassation instead of the Criminal Bench alone, came before both Houses; and although many moderate republicans felt it to be an outrageous trespass on the rights of the judiciary, lack of civic courage enabled it to be passed. For the axe of counter-revolution was raised over the last divisions.

The new law had been passed by the Chamber; but before it was confirmed by the Senate, Félix Faure died suddenly of heart-failure. Émile Loubet, a partisan of the Revision, was elected

in his place. On the day of the funeral, in the midst of unparalleled political confusion, a rumour sprang up that Pellieux's Brigade was marching on the Government buildings to usurp the power. A plot had, in fact, been hatched. Déroulède and Habert, the chiefs of the Patriotic League, had arranged a rendezvous with Pellieux's Brigade; there was a hitch in the plans and Roget's Brigade came up instead. Déroulède tried to persuade them to march on the Élysée; but Roget withstood the temptation and led his men back to barracks. Déroulède and Habert were arrested and tried.

Anything was possible in Paris.

* * *

Because the three members of the Cour de Cassation who were members of the Commission had voted against Revision and because the Criminal Bench had been attacked by the Civil Bench, it was believed that the combined Benches would show Dreyfus less favour than the Criminal Bench alone. Perhaps this prognosis was justifiable; for the Criminal judges appeared to be less susceptible to political influences than their Civil colleagues.

As the inquiry was now to be conducted in secret, the hostility of the Minister for Justice might lead to some disagreeable surprises; and

these must be prevented. So the Dreyfus party decided to take a radical and rather hazardous step. The *Figaro* had once more whole-heartedly embraced the cause of the Revision; and it published the results already obtained by the investigations of the Criminal Bench, which were known to Labori. It was not quite legal; but it decided the issue. The new Court of Inquiry could not entirely dissociate itself from facts which had already become public property. For the first time, the public could see something more than the outside of the affair; and in the light of publicity, the evidence for the prosecution melted away. There, at last, was Picquart's evidence, freed from all considerations of official secrecy; the unimpeachable proof of Esterhazy's guilt. They read that the handwriting experts of the Criminal Bench had, one after another, identified Esterhazy's hand with the *bordereau*; that Charavay, formerly identified with Bertillon in the verdict against Dreyfus, had withdrawn his previous statement. They learned that the Court had secured letters written by Esterhazy in 1894; and that these letters were written on the unmistakable thin, transparent paper of the *bordereau*, for specimens of which Dreyfus' flat had been searched in vain. They saw the real text beside the mutilated text of the Italian telegram of the 2nd of November 1894; and they

recognised how the forger Henry's spirit still hovered over the file of documents that contained no single concrete proof of guilt against the condemned man.

No obstacle now could stand in the way of an appeal; the judges capitulated to the power of publicly proven facts and suppressed their political feelings. The *Rapporteur* and the Procurator recommended the cancellation of the verdict of Cherche-Midi. It might have been possible to have it annulled without recourse to another Court-Martial. But the Dreyfus family did not desire such a course. Dreyfus, who had been condemned by his brother officers, should be rehabilitated by them.

XVII

THE SECOND COURT-MARTIAL

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On the 5th of June, 1899, four and a half years after his deportation, Dreyfus received the long-hoped-for news. The Chief Warder flung open the door of his cage and handed him the following telegram:

Please inform Captain Dreyfus at once following decision Cassation. Court quashes and annuls verdict of the First Court-Martial of the Military Government of Paris, of 22nd December, 1894, against Alfred Dreyfus and refers case for re-trial to Rennes Court-Martial. . . . In virtue of this decision, Captain Dreyfus will no longer be treated as prisoner undergoing sentence, but as accused awaiting trial. He is to be reinstated in his rank and may wear uniform. His name will be struck off the roll of prisoners and military guard withdrawn. Accused to be handed over to custody of O.C. Troops and guarded by Gendarmerie according to Regulations for Military Prisoners. Cruiser "Sjax" leaving Fort de France with orders to transport accused from Devil's Island to France.

The Chamber voted the public proclamation of order for re-trial; but not every *Maire* obeyed the order. The Anti-Revisionists vacillated between dumb fury and uncontrolled violence. On the day following the decision of the Cour

de Cassation, a few aristocrats stormed the tribune of the new President of the Republic; and one of them, Baron de Christiani, so far took leave of his senses as to strike the Chief of the State with his stick.

In the meantime, Esterhazy had been charged with embezzlement from his relations and had come to Paris under a safe-conduct to give evidence before the Criminal Bench at their request. On his return to London, he gave the *Matin* an interview, in which he confessed frankly that he had written the *bordereau*. In his usual cynical style, he imparted a new sensation to his admission: he had concocted the paper at the request of Colonel Sandherr, Chief of the Intelligence Bureau, who was in need of some definite evidence against Dreyfus.

* * *

The Rennes Court-Martial had two accused for trial: one named and one unnamed. The unnamed one was General Mercier. The Cour de Cassation, the highest court of appeal in France, had decided that a grossly illegal act had influenced the verdict of the Court-Martial in 1894—the secret "evidence" in the Conference room. If Dreyfus were acquitted now, Mercier's share in an unprecedented judicial crime would be exposed. Depuy was adaptable enough,

now that the scale inclined in Dreyfus' favour, to demand a Court-Martial on Mercier. But he fell before he could carry it through. Waldeck-Rousseau's Republican Cabinet, although they desired to clear up the affair, let the idea drop, in deference, principally, to General de Galliffet, their Minister for War. The Marquis de Galliffet, who had played a leading part in the suppression of the Commune, was a sincere and upright man. Long before the Esterhazy trial, General Talbot, a former British Military Attaché in Paris, had taken him to one side to discuss the affair.

"My dear General," he had said, "I know nothing about the Dreyfus affair. In fact, I never heard his name whilst I was in France. But between ourselves, I am astonished to see Commandant Esterhazy still at liberty. All we foreign military attachés knew that Esterhazy would supply us with any information that the French Ministry for War did not give us direct, for a couple of thousand francs."

That was clear enough. What was more, Galliffet was on friendly terms with Picquart. So, in spite of the fact that he had not examined the papers and did not wish to, he was certainly no enemy of Dreyfus.

On the other hand, he had old ties of loyalty to Mercier and wished to spare him. This was the source of new misfortune; for the old custom

of the military authorities of court-martialling important witnesses might, perhaps, have been of some use in this case. But honesty prevailed for once; and it was decided to stay any proceedings against Mercier until the Rennes Court-Martial should have shed some light on the affair. So Mercier, whose honour was in question and over whose head the threat of a Court-Martial was hanging during the whole of the Rennes trial, was able to make use of all his own energy and muster round him all that of the Anti-Revisionists, Officers, Nationalists and Anti-Semites; he became the rallying-point of the Anti-Dreyfusards. Everything that had gone before was mild in comparison with the political struggles that raged round the Rennes trial. Waldeck-Rousseau wanted to see Dreyfus rehabilitated—not as an act of power, but in bare justice. He took energetic measures against insubordinate officers and did his best to instil and enforce respect for the Civil Power. This Cabinet was the first to act without reserve in the cause of justice. But its methods were somewhat naïve. France was not yet ripe for a dispassionate attitude towards the opposing parties. Galliffet was not, indeed, caught in the trap of military intriguers. He had not committed himself like Cavaignac; unlike Billot, he could not be blackmailed by a General Staff which might

accuse him of the embezzlement of public moneys and hold him in check by this means. He wanted the truth; but he overestimated the force and the indubitable persuasiveness of his own personality compared to the rancour of the military party and the subordinates whom he had taken over from his predecessors. Under his very eyes, trickery was still rampant; important papers were withheld from the Court-Martial, doubtful ones were presented; Henry's ghost hovered over the proceedings. Although Galliffet did not realise it, the real leader of the Army during the trial was not himself but Mercier, who had recently retired. It was too late to teach the corps of officers anything new; for them, Rennes was a final trial of strength, nothing else. They may have sought justice, but jaundiced eyes could no longer find it. For many of them, the decision of the Cour de Cassation was a slap in the face of the Army, a sign that the country was passing into the hands of an international democracy. What was Henry's forgery or Esterhazy's confession to them? If anyone had been committing forgery, it was probably those upstart enemies of the State who called themselves Republicans and Democrats. If it was true that the outward appearance of this Dreyfus case was confused and distorted, might it not be they who had distorted and confused it? The

Waldeck-Rousseau government had been nicknamed the "Dreyfus Cabinet"; these politicians were tarred with the same brush as the traitor; they ran whining to the foreigner, they kowtowed to the enemy. Here lay Waldeck-Rousseau's great mistake. What sort of impartiality was it to allow unlimited scope to this political agitation, to these born enemies of the established Government, in a matter which had long since become purely political? It had dire results. In the first place, the Government Commissary, who had been left without definite instructions, flung the result of the Cour de Cassation's decision to the winds. They had decided that the Court was to consider one point only: had Dreyfus handed over the so-called secrets of the *bordereau* or had he not? The Government Commissary and Colonel Jouaust, President of the Court, paid no attention to these instructions; instead they collected an enormous mass of alleged fresh evidence. For weeks they reviewed mess gossip, rumours, third-hand tales and highly suspicious statements. The alcoholic Captain Lebrun's fairy-tale of a confession was resurrected. There was Czernuski, a Serb who had been told that Dreyfus was a German spy. There was a new-born accusation that Dreyfus had sold a secret Staff College syllabus. When his house was searched in 1894, parts of this

course had been found, unbound and in loose leaves. Part of it was alleged to be missing; and Schwartzkoppen was supposed to be in possession of the missing parts. It was damning. The members of the Court-Martial took note of it. The fact that the Ministry "reported for information" of the Court, ten days after it had pronounced its verdict, that the missing part had been found among Dreyfus' effects and that Schwartzkoppen's fragment did not belong to the same year—well, that was one of the unfortunate little accidents that these simple soldiers knew so well how to stage and to make excuses for, afterwards. The Italian telegram of the 2nd of November, whose correct interpretation entirely cleared Dreyfus, was trotted out again. This time, the witness from the Ministry for War did not deny that the official text, as deciphered by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, was a disculpation. But he laid both texts, the true and the false, objectively side by side, as if he were not quite sure which was the right one.

The Government remained inactive. They did, indeed, interfere with street brawling and breaches of the peace; Royalist demonstrators were arrested and brought to trial. But in the meantime, Mercier made inflammatory speeches before the Court-Martial and swore to the guilt of the accused, accompanied by the silent applause

of the military witnesses. He was fighting for his moral existence and all means were justifiable to him. To prove that the "Scoundrel D." of the Nice document was identical with Dreyfus, he referred to a note written by Schwartzkoppen in March 1894:

D. has brought me many interesting things.

And then, in diabolical combination with his Press, he brought off the great *coup*. With veiled hints, he pointed out to the Court that the *bordereau* shown since the first proceedings might not be the original document. It mattered little who might have written the one before the Court; Dreyfus was the culprit. He accentuated the difference between "*scripteur*" and "*auteur*". That was very mysterious; no one understood it and, indeed, Mercier did not wish to be understood at first. His nebulous statement was made on the 12th of August; and on the 14th, the *Gaulois*, a paper owned by friends of Mercier, made bold to explain the cryptic hint. The *bordereau* produced in evidence was not the original. When this came into Sandherr's hands, it bore a marginal note written by the German Emperor, in which the name of the spy, Dreyfus, was mentioned. In order to prevent international complications, Esterhazy had made a tracing of the document for the Intelligence Section,

omitting the marginal note; he had thus produced a piece of evidence less dangerous from the diplomatic point of view. This explained, too, why the *bordereau* was written on transparent paper. Mercier himself had a photograph of the original "Kaiser's *bordereau*" in his pocket. The *Gaulois* article ended with a challenge to Mercier to deny this statement in Court if it was untrue. And at the next sitting, Mercier said—nothing. The members of the Court, who knew that he was in close touch with the *Gaulois*, thought that they had now understood his hint; they came to the inevitable conclusion that the statement was correct. In their anxiety to avoid conjuring up the threat of War, they did not question their exalted witness further; and when, three days before the verdict, the militarist *Libre Parole* repeated the story, they were convinced. A revival of the comedy which Henry had produced with such marked success in the Zola trial, with the help of his friend Millevoye. The gossip in military society in Rennes, which was in a sense the rail-head between Mercier's intimates and the members of the Court, played its part. Mercier saw victory approaching. Already he dared to boast that, if necessary, he would commit the same illegal act as in 1894—the *coup de main* in the Conference room—to-day, to-morrow and always. Once more he was the

dictator of the Court, as when he held the judges, his subordinates, under his heel, years ago in Cherche-Midi.

Labori, who with Demange was entrusted with Dreyfus' defence, could see the danger ahead. He saw how the proceedings were getting off the point; he saw how vague, ghostly legends were poisoning the atmosphere and threatening to turn the balance with these judges, who gazed with such veneration upon Mercier. So he tried to attack the body of the Hydra of treacherous evidence conjured up before the Court to vanish again at will; he gave notice of an Action that was to lay the ghost and show Mercier in his true colours.

But "*la Patrie*" was watchful; and he was struck down by the bullet of a hired assassin. He was shot when walking on the quay at Rennes with Picquart. The shot was fired by a creature who had already attracted their attention for some time and excited Picquart's suspicions. Labori fell; Picquart pursued the assassin. Strange to say, the latter fled past a point where there should have been a double sentry of the Gendarmerie. But it happened, just at that critical moment, that both sentries were absent from their beats. There is no record of their having been punished; the culprit escaped; and a request by the accused for an adjournment was refused.

XVIII

TRUTH AND POLITICS

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TRUTH AND POLITICS

Witnesses came in endless ranks and made their depositions. Days were spent in taking this evidence, which dealt more with prejudices against the accused than with facts. Labori, although seriously wounded, soon returned to take part in the proceedings. Seeing that the Serb who pretended to have been an Austrian officer had been heard and that Mercier had submitted the written deposition of an Austrian Military Attaché called Schneider, who was supposed to know of acts of espionage on Dreyfus' part—a deposition which he shortly afterwards withdrew—Labori insisted on calling those foreigners who could give evidence in favour of the accused. He asked that Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi should be heard. At the same time, he telegraphed to the German Emperor and the King of Italy and begged them, in the name of humanity, to let the truth be known.

* * *

The trial, in its last stages, went behind the scenes into the realm of international politics. The Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet had realised its sins of omission at the eleventh hour. Neither

Waldeck-Rousseau nor Labori had any illusions as to the result. Labori considered that only open intervention by the German Emperor could save the situation now; and he besought the Minister-President to prepare a favourable reception of his telegrams through diplomatic channels. And now, Waldeck-Rousseau entered into an almost superhuman moral struggle with German diplomacy. Without allowing himself to be discouraged by the first refusals, he appealed again and again to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, von Bülow, through the intermediary of the German Embassy. Sometimes he asked for Schwartzkoppen's evidence to be taken on affidavit; sometimes for a letter from the real traitor after the time of Dreyfus' arrest. Either of these would, he thought, prove the innocence of the accused. In the Foreign Office archives, there is a mass of correspondence about this period between Bülow, various sections of the Foreign Office, the Imperial Civil Cabinet and the Ambassador, Count von Münster. The Kaiser treated the matter according to whatever mood he happened to be in. Labori's telegram was "a piece of impudence"; he adorned the pleading letters of the French Government with ironical remarks and sometimes rather rejoiced in their discomfiture. Not so Prince von Bülow. He had, indeed, written a year before that it was a good

idea to allow the Dreyfus Affair to stew for a bit; that the French Army might be broken up and that the French Government might alienate liberal and Jewish sympathy. But it would be a wilful distortion of the picture to produce this old letter beside his opinions at the time of the Rennes trial. Now, in 1899, he had realised long since that Germany, too, was interested in Dreyfus' acquittal. A telegram which he sent on the 13th of August, 1899, shows this clearly. He had no intention whatever of strengthening the French military party; and he quite understood the fears expressed by his diplomats that "national Action", reinforced by a victory, might one day cross the French frontier into foreign countries. But in practice, other considerations of a very doubtful nature determined his standpoint. To hand over a piece of evidence which should condemn the real traitor was inadmissible on principle. The Intelligence Service, whether one approves of it as an institution or not, is based on strict discretion and unqualified protection of its agents. If the latter were betrayed, it would soon be impossible to get any more. Bülow was therefore compelled, after conferring with the Emperor and the General Staff, to refuse this request of the French. As for allowing Schwartzkoppen to give evidence, he gave some very plausible

reasons for his refusal in a number of letters and instructions, written at the time of the Rennes trial, which are now in the archives of the Foreign Office. He pointed out that all the German statements in the Dreyfus affair had been received by the greater part of the French public with distrust; indeed, they had been stigmatised as lies. If Schwartzkoppen were to give evidence on Dreyfus' behalf or if the Emperor pledged his own word for the innocence of the accused, as Labori had begged him to do; and if, in spite of this, a verdict of "guilty" was rendered, it would be an unbearable insult by French officers of high rank which might have the most serious consequences—perhaps a *casus belli*. And Bülow saw the danger that any declaration from the German side was more likely to irritate than to soothe the prejudiced and chauvinistic members of the Court-Martial. The psychological dispositions of these officers were such as to make them believe that if the "enemy" desired an acquittal, then an acquittal would be anti-national. Finally, when Colonel Panizzardi in a telegram to Paris gave his word of honour as a man and a soldier that he had never heard the name of Captain Dreyfus before his arrest; and when the *Reichsanzeiger*, on Bülow's instructions, issued a categorical *démenti* of any direct or indirect relations with Dreyfus on the

day before the verdict, both statements were, in fact, entirely ignored by the judges and treated with contempt by the military Press. All these circumstances must be duly weighed before one condemns Bülow, as well as the fact that he was bound to some extent by the Emperor's decisions. But the Kaiser's attitude was doubtful, in this case as in so many others. At times, he seemed entirely carried away by the cause of the Revisionists, and was quite inclined to intervene on Dreyfus' behalf, as is shown by a telegram from Eulenburg to Bülow on the 6th of July, 1899. Then again, he emphatically rejected French requests for such intervention; then he presented his own pet theory, according to which Dreyfus had betrayed military secrets, not to Germany but, in connivance with Boisdeffre, to Russia. He would on no account allow Schwartzkoppen's evidence to be taken. In short, Waldeck-Rousseau's diplomatic efforts were fruitless.

Three days before the verdict of the Court-Martial, the Minister-President, in a supreme and audacious effort to persuade the Emperor to let the truth come out, trotted out his very best horse. On the 6th of September General de Galliffet, in an interview with Schwartzkoppen's successor, Major von Süsskind, flung all reserve to the winds in his attempt to move the Kaiser.

The official record of the conversation is an historical document of the highest significance. Galliffet, whose absolute honesty and whole-hearted enthusiasm for the cause of justice show even more plainly here than in his official dealings as Minister for War, went very far in this interview—no doubt with Waldeck-Rousseau's permission. He begins by expressing his esteem for the Emperor; he draws a sharp line between himself and the Mercier clique; he stakes his head that the Kaiser will in no way be compromised by frank action in the Dreyfus case. The opponents would, of course, shriek with rage at first; but the gratitude of all right-minded Frenchmen would be a corner-stone for the edifice of Franco-German reconciliation. Galliffet speaks, not as a General but rather as the devoted advocate of an innocent man. And then we can see how the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry stakes its existence on the triumph of justice alone; what enormous sacrifices it is prepared to make for this elusive, imponderable thing that Galliffet calls truth and Mercier a will-o'-the-wisp; and the enthusiasm of a General for abstract truth, pierces the dark clouds of the murky affair with light that gives promise of a better France. In this interview, the most moving one his hard old life has ever known, he soars until he brushes the highest politics of

European peoples. He points to the dubious relations of Germany with England and the tension existing between the latter and France. And with dry, unequivocal words, he offers, as the price of a single word that will proclaim the truth—nothing more nor less than France's help against England; a military alliance. He is almost overwhelming. This hard old man who strangled the Commune so mercilessly, pleads for a scrap of truth, pledges his word and his future as a statesman without reserve, in his struggle on behalf of a martyr. If one reads the report of this interview in conjunction with the sarcastic marginal notes interpolated by His Majesty Wilhelm II, there can be no hesitation as to which side commands sympathy. But Galliffet's efforts were in vain. And even before Berlin could reply, the question was already settled; the President of the Court-Martial had refused to consider Schwartzkoppen's evidence.

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Labori, who was still suffering acutely from his wound, renounced the idea of pleading, at the request of the Dreyfus family. Demange pleaded—was he right or wrong?—in the sense of a compromise between the political differences, of a reconciliation. Dreyfus, whose undramatic testimony had not succeeded in arousing any interest,

simply protested his innocence at the end of the trial. He had been unable to follow its course properly; he was not yet acclimatised to realities. How, indeed, was it possible? He had been out of touch with human beings for four years. And now the enormous mass of this trial, with its intricacies and its political significance, fell upon him in a France which his very existence had sufficed to change. Labori and Demange had only been able to give him the barest details after his landing, in which he had expected a triumph and found that he was merely hustled into Rennes Prison. He did not know the immense underground ramifications of his own cause; he alone was in it but not of it. Even during the proceedings, he could not be persuaded to abandon the idea that General de Boisdeffre was the person to whom he was indebted for the Revision! He was a stranger in the land which echoed with his name and into which his existence had brought such unhappiness.

He was sentenced for the second time. The verdict, with five votes against two, was that he had been guilty of acts of treason; the sentence, ten years' imprisonment. Banishment and re-degradation were omitted on the inconsequent plea of "mitigating" circumstances.

And he had thought that the Rennes Court-Martial would be a pure formality.

XIX

THE REPUBLIC COUNTER-ATTACKS

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THE REPUBLIC COUNTER-ATTACKS

It was useless for the civilised world to protest. It saw the verdict and felt that it was shameful. But could it quite understand the lack of justice in this torn and outraged France, the conscientious scruples of the abused dupes of judges, so clearly expressed in the allowance of "mitigating circumstances" to an alleged traitor? Could it grasp the desperate situation of a Government which could only act against the provocation of Rennes by stirring up civil strife anew? Could it see, as the Dreyfus family saw, to their horror, that their simple demand for justice was gradually becoming the torture of their country; that no longer Alfred alone was undergoing martyrdom, but a whole people, whose unity, morality and sanity were imperilled; that they stood on a moral plane where every step further was a crime, an outrage on the nerves of the public?

One could no longer pound on the table and shout: "Justice, justice!" Justice was a normal function; an abnormal, sickly organism was being asked to perform it. Mathieu Dreyfus showed himself as great as the misery of his family and his people; he was big enough to understand

that the time had come when the honour of a family must subordinate itself to the needs of a tormented and exhausted country. Picquart and Labori were uncompromising. Humanity, whether Dreyfus' fate or the country's were in the balance, was a minor consideration; they had set their teeth; they were fighting for a principle; and it may be that their attitude was the stronger. Clemenceau, always a victim of pessimism and resignation whenever he paused to breathe after the great fights of his life, whether victories or defeats, rather gave way to scepticism and fatigue. Alfred Dreyfus, wasted to a skeleton, with an elemental thirst for freedom, obeyed his brother; he renounced a formal Revision and accepted the free pardon offered by Waldeck-Rousseau. This pardon and the amnesty which followed after months of parliamentary struggle were but poor consolations for their defeat. The amnesty, in particular, because it covered all the misdeeds connected with the Dreyfus case and benefited Mercier's men just as much as Picquart and Zola—who had returned home in the meantime; it became a barrier on the way to final rehabilitation for the accused, calumniated and unjustly condemned. Dreyfus did not surrender his right to appeal; and the amnesty, which excluded murder and treason, did not rule out this possibility for the distant future. The fact

that he did not then demand an appeal, was interpreted by the hostile Press as a confession of guilt; even the manifesto which he issued on the day after his release—the 20th of September, 1899—was unsuccessful in preventing this misconstruction.

The Government of the Republic gives me back my freedom. But not my honour. I shall not cease to pursue the rectification of a terrible judicial error of which I am still the victim. Some day, by a final verdict, all France will know that I am innocent. I shall not rest until no single Frenchman believes that I am guilty of the crime which was committed by another.

Precisely at the hour in which the prison gates opened for Dreyfus, Scheurer-Kestner closed his eyes—dead-beat, weary, hopeless. His last glance saw a country that had become a Paria for the rest of the world. The verdict of Rennes, hailed by fools and fanatics as the final victory of national honour, had exposed France to the contempt of two-thirds of civilised mankind. There were anti-French demonstrations in the capitals of Europe; in Rome and in Budapest, the Embassy buildings had to be guarded by troops. Great minds in all countries withdrew their sympathy from the land of the Revolution; and even crowned heads expressed their abhorrence.

After Rennes, Waldeck-Rousseau thought for a moment of resigning. But he overcame this fit of weakness and buckled to his task of republicanising the country, of educating it in democracy. For him, the Dreyfus catastrophe was a symptom and a guide. He realised that years must pass before the stigma that branded the forehead of a nation could be eradicated; the ground was not yet ploughed. And now, we enter the years of progressive enlightenment, a *Kulturkampf*, a struggle with clerical tutelage. Catholicism, as a political principle, is salutary in a country where its power is kept within limits; where its activities are more social than intellectual, as in post-war Germany. Waldeck-Rousseau realised that this well-spring, too, was valuable. But the schools, the intellectual and logical forces of the country, must be rescued from the influence of a Clericalism that was identified with narrow, inhibiting ideas of the Grace of God and the divinely ordained limitations of the masses. It was at this time that Waldeck-Rousseau uttered the fine words that have not lost their force to-day: that the youth of a country is often divided into two opposing groups, less by social differences than by the elements of their education.

He attacked the activities of the religious hierarchy and Orders; he dared to exclude the

Orders from the liberty of association; he despiritualised and intellectualised public education. The fanatical and uninspired figure of the monk as a teacher of youth and of the people, was pushed back more and more, in the face of tremendous opposition, until it gradually disappeared. If one of Waldeck's unspoken aims in this *Kulturkampf* was still, in spite of all, the rehabilitation of Captain Dreyfus, it was only because Dreyfus had become a symbol; because on the day when his acquittal could be announced without any public convulsion or upheaval, without the threat of civil war, then the country was indeed saved; an enlightened France was on the way. But he felt that it would be folly to speak of the Dreyfus affair at present. It must be forgotten for a time; the sufferers must make this further sacrifice. The inflamed, sensitive nerves of the country must not be irritated any more. The hour of Justice would strike; he was sure of that; and it would be the hour of political victory as well. It was a clever policy of self-control. Waldeck-Rousseau pursued it calmly; and when at last, in the early summer of 1902, the tremendous strain of the Rennes period began to show its traces, he passed the torch to Combes, a worthy successor, who again formed a Cabinet of progressive republicanisation. Galliffet had already retired in 1900; his place was taken

by an energetic anti-clerical, General André, who was retained in the Combes Cabinet. Ernest Vallé, a man of similar opinions, became Minister for Justice. Delcassé, who had held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs since 1898, remained in office.

Slowly the wound began to heal. The population was thinking of other matters; it had had the spectacle of a great and successful world exhibition; it had begun to take an interest in normal political development and was peacefully inclined. Galliffet had been an appeasing influence in the Army; André began to comb it out and endeavoured to create a service that should be in sympathy with the State instead of obstructing Waldeck-Rousseau's and Combes' enlightened policy. This was a tough and a thankless task; and success came very slowly. André remained firm; he was very careful to whom he entrusted the sword of the Republic. The past explains why he sometimes showed intolerance; it was a reaction against the enemies of the State who had held the power for so long. It was apparent now that the way from Cherche-Midi to Rennes had at least been a step forward. Rennes itself was a drawn battle; an anti-republican victory but not a complete one. The support which the gullible stupidity of the public had given to the reactionaries was disappearing. As

the Government pushed civilians to the front, the military clique had to give way. Step by step, André filled the important posts in the Army with supporters of the established government; the Knights of God, the Royalists and the Bonapartists were compelled to abandon one position after the other. The political situation, too, underwent a transformation. The elections of 1900 had been a black day for the supporters of justice; all those who had taken the side of Dreyfus were swept away. But 1902 saw Jaurès back in the Chamber and Clemenceau in the Senate.

Dreyfus had been travelling for his health; and medical care had more or less restored him. He was compelled to resign himself to the fact that his fate had ceased to interest the public. Several times his anger got the better of him; he endeavoured to submit petitions and renew the fight. But his brother was always more than a match for him and succeeded in calming him. Mathieu agreed with Waldeck-Rousseau; whether or not it might have been possible to appeal in 1900, 1901 or 1902, was unimportant. The political situation was the only thing that mattered; a premature trial would have been exposed to the same danger as the previous one. Waiting was weary work indeed. Death, which in October 1902 carried off Zola after Scheurer-

Kestner, was not the only force that divided the ranks of the brothers-in-arms. In the depressing atmosphere of inactivity and expectation, grave dissensions had arisen. Not a fine epilogue, after the stormy years of comradeship in which each was ready to sacrifice all he had for a cause and a friend; but a very human one. Picquart, who was not a nature to accept compromises, was angry with Mathieu; he called him a coward, felt that he had been betrayed; and finally expressed his disillusionment in words ringing with the ancient racial prejudice that he had apparently overcome long ago. What was the Dreyfus family to him if they left him in the lurch?—these people for whom he had unbuckled his sword; to whom he had sacrificed his career, his freedom and, almost, his life. Since the Rennes trial, Labori had become estranged from the brothers. He had not wished to break off the attack; and the conciliatory spirit of the pleas which made his colleague Demange appear to him as a supporter of the policy of cringing silence, the renouncement of a formal revision, the acceptance of the free pardon—these were things that humiliated his fiery radical temperament sorely. At the end of December 1900, he quarrelled violently with Mathieu; and that was the end of a friendship whose origin should have made it eternal. As for Alfred, he stood

uncomprehending in the midst of new feuds. His simple mind failed to grasp these matters. He did not understand why he had become a messenger of Fate for his country; he had not written the *bordereau*.

XX

ROUND ABOUT THE *BORDEREAU*

XX

ROUND ABOUT THE *BORDEREAU*

THAT *bordereau*; what was the real truth about it? Esterhazy had made an official confession; and gradually certain connecting points were made clear. The *Bureau de Renseignements* had made use of him occasionally as an agent since 1893 or 1894, because of his friendship with Schwartzkoppen. But it has been proved that he served both sides. The documents of the German General Staff relating to him have, indeed, disappeared for the present. It is possible that the former Chief of Staff, General von Schlieffen, took them into his private custody and that they may yet come to light some day. It will be remembered that Tirpitz also kept important official papers in his private possession, to produce them when he saw fit. In any case, German declarations have made it quite clear that Esterhazy was not only a counter-spy, but a spy as well. Either he had fallen to the enormous temptation to misuse a position protected by his own Intelligence Service and to do business on his own; or else, it would be quite in keeping with his audacious nature to accept a task of counter-espionage for the sole purpose of committing treason without fear of discovery.

Moral obstacles, as we know, did not exist for him. Later French investigations are said to have shown that he received a regular salary of two thousand marks a month from Schwartzkoppen. Schwartzkoppen himself reported to Count von Münster in 1898 that he had done business with Esterhazy for many months and had frequently conducted the correspondence by means of express letters like the notorious *petit bleu*. Esterhazy apparently gave some very useful information about artillery at first. But about the end of 1895 or the beginning of 1896, Schwartzkoppen noticed that he was producing much chaff and little grain; after that, Esterhazy did not keep his two-faced position very long. Schwartzkoppen shook him off; and when the Esterhazy trial came on, he asked to leave Paris and return to regimental duty. The half-deciphered bits of the Military Attaché's telegram, which refer to his agent and contain the words "Bureau de Renseignements", show where Esterhazy obtained part of his raw material: his friend Henry, who had borrowed money from him and who probably received a share of the two thousand marks, gave him whatever he could scratch together in the Ministry for War. What almost amounts to genius in these proceedings was that Esterhazy, thanks to the official mandate, could operate in perfect safety

without fear of arrest; he did not even need to conceal his relations with Schwartzkoppen.

Of course he denied that he had written the *bordereau* for treasonable purposes. His story was that Colonel Sandherr summoned him one day and told him that he had positive evidence of espionage against Dreyfus, which diplomatic considerations prevented him from using. He was therefore asked to manufacture a *corpus delicti* which could be used for a prosecution; hence the *bordereau*. It had been insinuated into the porter's lodge of the German Embassy and from there, back to the Intelligence Section with the help of an agent. Schwartzkoppen had never set eyes on it.

The fantastic version propounded by the German Emperor in his memoranda and conversations, goes in the same direction, but much further. Wilhelm II maintained—on what authority?—that Dreyfus had been in relations with Russia, acting under secret orders from the Chief of the General Staff, who assumed full responsibility. Boisdeffre was very keen to bring about a military alliance with Russia; and thinking that she would want unofficial confirmation of the military strength of her future ally, had hit on a typical "jesuitical" trick. He had commissioned the young Staff probationer to give the Russians secret confirmation of strength

returns in the guise of a spy, as the official figures might not seem sufficiently convincing. As Boisdeffre dealt with Dreyfus in the strictest secrecy, no one, not even the Minister for War, knew of these manipulations. When regular surveillance noticed Captain Dreyfus' unusual connexion with the Russian Embassy—quite against Boisdeffre's wishes—it was logically assumed that he was a traitor. As relations with Russia precluded an explanation, artificial evidence was coined in order to remove the supposed spy from the Army. But then, would Boisdeffre not have protected an innocent officer who was acting under his instructions? Rather a thin, romantic tale, an interesting hypothesis without any proof behind it; a product of the Kaiser's fertile imagination.

In any case, Esterhazy stoutly maintained that he had written the *bordereau* under direct orders from the Chief of the Intelligence Section. Three persons might have given important information as to what went on in Sandherr's and Henry's rooms: Sandherr's Turco orderly Baschir and the two chief forgers of the Intelligence Section, a man called Guénée and another person who sometimes called himself Leeman and sometimes Lemercier. But curiously enough, all these three died at short intervals from one another, when the second trial was about to

take place; and all three died an unnatural death. Henry carried the rest of the truth with him into the hereafter. He was Esterhazy's accomplice and knew his handwriting; why did he not suppress the *bordereau*, if it was a genuine piece of treason, when the thief who took it from the German Embassy brought it to the Intelligence Section, instead of showing it to his chief?

Maybe he was not alone in the office when the find was brought in; maybe he had no opportunity of concealing it. Esterhazy's *bordereau* may have been anything or nothing. It may have been one of the usual attempts to hoodwink the attaché with false information by order of the Intelligence Section. It may have been real treason on the part of a man who was an agent for both sides; perhaps a mixture of the two. But it may have been what Esterhazy said it was: a set piece, for internal use only. There is sworn testimony for the fact that Sandherr told the Chief of the Sûreté and Bertillon at the very beginning of the affair, that there was much evidence against Dreyfus besides the *bordereau*; and that Mercier, when Dreyfus' name was mentioned to him as a result of d'Aboville's investigations, exclaimed mysteriously: "I thought so!" It is indeed credible—and this thought increases the horror of the whole

tragedy—that the *bordereau* was written for no other purpose than to get rid of Dreyfus, an unpopular Jew who may accidentally have excited suspicion; that d'Aboville did not hit upon his trail so spontaneously as he pretended, but was imperceptibly influenced by Henry. In this case, it is easier to explain the anxiety of the General Staff lest Esterhazy should be exposed, their collusion with him and his threats of blackmail. Sandherr is the unknown quantity in the mystery; and this man, whose mind was suspiciously unstable at the beginning of the affair, became a complete imbecile a few months later. Can it be that the motive power of a catastrophe, which nearly succeeded in driving a country to ruin, had its source in the brain of a lunatic?

* * *

But what of the so-called Kaiser's *bordereau* which was so often spoken of in whispers; the very shadow of which was used with such effect by Henry at the Zola trial and by Mercier at Rennes? After military and parliamentary gossip had busied itself for some time with rumours of the Kaiser's close relations with Dreyfus, the following article appeared in Rochefort's chauvinistic *Intransigeant*, at the end of 1897:

Dreyfus had for a long time felt bitterly about the anti-Semitic campaign conducted by many newspapers.

Ambitious as he was, he felt that as a Jew he could never hope to attain the summit of his career. So he conceived the idea that it would be more sensible to accept the result of the war of 1870, to settle in Alsace where he had property and to adopt German nationality. He decided to send in his papers; but before doing so, he wrote direct to the German Emperor, assuring him of his sympathy and admiration for Germany and begging him to grant him a commission in the German Army with his present rank. Wilhelm II replied through the Embassy; and informed Dreyfus that his services would be more valuable to the German Empire, his real country, in the position in which circumstances had placed him; he would be considered by the German General Staff as a "German Officer on special duty in France." Furthermore, he promised that, in the event of war, he would be given his full rank in the German Army. Dreyfus accepted these conditions and the treason began. It continued until the day of his arrest; and one of the famous secret documents is a written communication from the Kaiser himself. It was abstracted, photographed and brought back to the place whence it had been taken. In it, Wilhelm II mentioned Captain Dreyfus by name. We have been in possession of these facts, which were given us by a well-informed and highly esteemed military personage, for a long time. We kept silence until we had obtained every guarantee as to the truth and the source of our information. A foreign military attaché has also communicated the following facts to us. A few days after Captain Dreyfus' arrest, Count von Münster had an interview with the Minister-President and informed him that a bundle of docu-

ments, namely, eight letters addressed to the Ambassador, had been abstracted from the Embassy buildings. This was a breach of extra-territoriality in peace-time. Unless these letters were returned at once, the Ambassador would leave Paris in twenty-four hours. The letters were returned immediately, but they had already been photographed. These photographs were submitted to the members of the Court-Martial in the conference room. This declaration of the foreign military attaché leaves no room for doubt. Seven out of the eight letters were from Dreyfus; the eighth obviously contained the Kaiser's remarks, in which Captain Dreyfus was mentioned by name.

When Esterhazy stated later that Sandherr had entrusted him with the manufacture of the *bordereau*, Rochefort "rectified" his statement, to the effect that there were not eight letters but eight reproductions of a single document which had been abstracted from the German Embassy: the "original *bordereau*", which Millevoye had mentioned at the time of the Zola trial and the *Gaulois* during the Court-Martial at Rennes—exactly the same as the one known to the public except for a marginal note by the Emperor, mentioning Dreyfus. Esterhazy had made a tracing of it on thin paper for Sandherr's use, leaving out the Imperial remarks. This was quite enlightening; it explained why some experts thought that they recognised Dreyfus' handwriting and others Esterhazy's in the docu-

ment. As a matter of fact, the so-called Kaiser's *bordereau* was an impudent forgery, manufactured at the time when Picquart's first investigations were becoming dangerous and Henry was making spectacular efforts to cram the Dreyfus *dossier* and so blast the hopes of the Revisionists. The real forgery was not the transparent *bordereau*, but the so-called "*bordereau annoté*", which was written on thicker paper. The text of the alleged Imperial minute, a shameless concoction which was bandied about with many variations, ran, according to information obtained by Picquart many years later, as follows:

[1] Euer Viehskerl (or V . . . . kerl) Dreyfus soll es etwas eilig machen. Wilhelm.

Not at all bad; quite the customary jargon of Wilhelm II's marginal notes. It had a very convincing ring; Henry could not have invented it by himself. He could not speak German, nor could he have turned the parodied phrase with such neatness. But Esterhazy was a good linguist, a fellow who could ride in any saddle; he appreciated the dashing, damn-your-eyes style of his "Suzerain" (as he called him in the letters to Félix Faure); and he was man enough to follow his leader. His method of obtaining handwriting and text at once was nothing less than a stroke

[1] "Your Dreyfus brute had better hurry up."

of genius. It was at the time when trouble was brewing in China; and the famous thumbnail-sketch inspired by Wilhelm II, the allegory of Western peoples in their defence against the Mongolian menace, was to be found in the bookshops of Paris as well as throughout the world. Under every copy of this picture was an appeal to all nations, written in the Emperor's hand. And this appeal: "Völker Europas, wahret eure heiligsten Güter. Wilhelm", was not a bad model. For it contained almost all the syllables or letter-groups of the so-called marginal note of the *bordereau*. With a few slight variations, it sufficed.

Eur (Eure) V . . . . . kerl (Völker) etwas (wa[hr]et) eilig ([h]eilig [sten]) Wilhelm.

A few s's and l's and a few other letters, almost all of which were to be found in the specimen, had to be painted in; only the word Dreyfus had to be composed.

This is the satire of the drama, the joke in a chapter of world history. It is doubtful whether anyone on the General Staff ever took this document seriously for a moment. The photograph was circulated discreetly in order to stimulate the proper feelings in simple-minded people who could be relied upon to pass on their knowledge through the proper channels to

the Judges' Bench and the Press. Mercier and Henry were careful to use it indirectly and with the utmost discretion in the trials; but it was none the less valuable. After the eight photographs which were said to have been printed, had done their work of conjuring up monsters in the dark, the "original" and the prints soon disappeared. Perhaps one copy may be seen again—if some lucky searcher examines the effects of Esterhazy, who died in an English village[1] in the 77th year of his Casanova existence, in 1923.

When the *Juge d'Instruction*, Bertulus, arrested Esterhazy in 1898, he was on the verge of discovering a copy. Esterhazy later confessed that at the moment of his arrest, he had one of the photographs on him.

It was sewn into the lining of his cap—and Bertulus had held the cap in his hands for a few seconds.

[1] Harpenden.—TR.

XXI

JAURÈS

XXI

JAURÈS

Seven years passed after the trial at Rennes before a rehabilitation could be attempted. But during this time very few people actually believed, at the bottom of their hearts, that Dreyfus was guilty. Rehabilitation was only formally an act of justice; in fact, it was a question of politics. In 1905, Combes handed over the Ministry to Rouvier, whose Cabinet continued Combes' and Waldeck-Rousseau's republicanising policy with redoubled vigour; and passed the laws separating Church and State. After Loubet's death and Fallières' election as his successor, Sarrien, who had been Minister for Justice under Brisson, took Rouvier's place. This was the historical moment when Clemenceau took his place in the Government as Minister for the Interior. At the following elections, the Left obtained an overwhelming majority in the Chamber. All the prominent Dreyfusards were elected, amongst them Labori; although estranged from the brothers, he was still enthusiastic for the cause. Brisson, who, years before, was the first Minister-President to favour an appeal, became President of the Chamber. This unshakeable position rendered a rehabilitating

verdict possible without fear of new disturbances. Besides, the great popular excitement was a thing of the past. With the transformation of political feeling and the consolidation of the Republic, a critical faculty towards the once beloved heroes of the General Staff had developed automatically, more and more. People did not think about the Dreyfus case very much, but almost unconsciously they had absorbed the conviction that the verdict was rotten at the root. And they had become more indifferent. There was no longer any fear that Dreyfus might become a slogan for civil upheaval. Year by year the influence of the Jingo Press had declined; the fear of a determined and ruthless government made it more careful; and it had descended from flag-waving and tub-thumping to mediocre irony.

But still: Dreyfus had to bear the official stain of disgrace for seven years.

Preparations to salve the victim's honour had begun in 1903, as the transformation in the country and the Chamber began to show itself. This work was not unduly hastened; rather the opposite. Every reef, every possibility of starting noisy arguments was carefully avoided. Whenever an election was about to be held, complete silence was the order of the day. Not with trumpet and drum was the fallen image of Justice restored to her pedestal. The ardent

wave of enthusiasm which had set such colossal Republican forces in motion, was no longer there. No one could be passionate for Dreyfus' innocence any longer, since there was no violent effort to prove his guilt. It was Renan's experience: One can only be a martyr for something about which there is no certainty. And here was certainty. A long-planned programme was carried out with conscientious satisfaction but without fire. Jaurès' great speech in April 1903, which initiated it, was the last revolutionary spark.

Indeed, Jaurès was the last to see any real opposition before him. Not the dismasted hotheads of the extreme right, but elements in his own party. There the spiritual antitheses of the Dreyfus affair still held sway; the bare formula of humanity against power. Some of the Comrades had no use for the cause of the *bourgeois*, Dreyfus; to them, it was an internal quarrel of the hated Capitalist society. Jaurès' Socialism had its roots in humanity; many of his followers could only think in terms of class warfare and power. His ideal was the dissolution of human hate and human pain; theirs, dictatorship and vengeance. Not until years later was it apparent how near their principle was to that of Boisdeffre and du Paty de Clam. A policy without the concessions for which they expressed the same contempt as their nationalist adversaries, must

always be an inhuman policy. Humanity is the only absolute Truth, all other truths are relative; they are malleable, they belong to every cause and every party. Vengeance, dictatorship of the proletariat, excision of hostile bodies instead of the transformation of a hostile spirit; are these not the old game coming back again—salvation by the methods of the discredited adversary, the hated bourgeoisie? The man is stronger than the organisation; no attempt to change him from without can be successful. To put a new mask on mankind is of no use; it will have to be a new face. Blue-white-red, black-white-red, bright red; what are these but paint? If in 1906, more than thirty million French brains were convinced of the innocence of a man who was nothing but a monster for them in 1894; if this transformation took place without violence and bloodshed; if the belief was altered rather than the Creed and if this was accomplished by the Spirit alone—it is a step forward. Only a short one, perhaps; but the march is made up of small steps. Let us suppose that a well-armed Revisionist rebellion, supported by soldiers and workmen, had succeeded in freeing Dreyfus a few years earlier. It would have strengthened the ideas it suppressed and stiffened the resistance; it would not have altered the percentage of opinion. Right

may be present in all parties; the danger comes when the Idea is in power. Then it ceases to be an idea.

A few years later Clemenceau, who was now transferred from the democratic opposition to the Government, will be Minister-President. Still true to his colours, he will appoint none other than Picquart to be Minister for War, further to realise his dream of a democratic Army. His Army will not be the idol of the people; for it will be the people itself. The mystic nimbus that surrounded the Army, that glorified the heirs of the defeat of 1870 and allowed their leaders to assume divine authority, will disappear. But there will be no difference between this Army and the cause of the people; and it will win its fight against the unchanged inheritors of the victory of 1870. It will prove that patriotism and the strength to defend one's country are not the privilege of any one party nor bound to any divinely ordained system of government. So far, so good. But one day, Georges Clemenceau will find himself on a giddy pinnacle of power; his Marshals will be leading world-armies. Over against him in the Chamber stands a democratic politician, the Deputy Caillaux, who is suspected of peaceful inclinations. Clemenceau demands the suspension of Caillaux's parliamentary immunity and his

arrest on a charge of high treason. The man's head is in danger. Caillaux protests his innocence in the Chamber once more, before he is taken off to the Santé. This moment, Christmas 1917, casts a sinister light on the rhythm of world history.

"Monsieur le Ministre-Président," Caillaux calls out, "do you remember the storms we weathered together in this room? Can you think of those tragic sittings when Déroulède and Millevoye accused you of supporting a traitor? Do you want to bring back those days? Is it a new Dreyfus affair; and will you bring it about —you who are all-powerful to-day?"

Clemenceau sits motionless on the Government bench; in his aged eyes glows the fanatical fire of destruction. Then with a curt nod of his bald head, he summons his majority; Caillaux is outlawed.

It would not matter so much if the history of humanity were the history of parties. But it is often, as in the Dreyfus affair, the history of the occasional misuse of power. Now, Clemenceau passed from Versailles to oblivion and took Versailles into the grave with him. Caillaux lives. And from that Christmas session of the Chamber to the present time, we have advanced one tiny step—but a step. The Dreyfus drama is a microcosm of human history, of moral events

on a planet that revolves and revolves but whose governing law is yet the law of progress. Whosoever seeks Might for Might's sake or for the sake of vengeance, whosoever uses his organisation against the germ of Truth, whose other name is Humanity, is a hindrance. This is not empty idealism, it is a recognition of the Useful; a perpetually inspiring law of the World compels us to return to it. Even Cavaignac, who was honestly mistaken, stood on the right side; he stood for Truth, even though Truth should bring about his fall. Bréon, one of the judges at Rennes, a convinced clerical and a subscriber to the Henry Fund, who alone joined the President of the Court in voting "not guilty", belongs on this side. And the militarist, General Roget, whose conscience held out in the hour of temptation against the inward desire and outward persuasion to stage a *coup d'état*—he counts, too. But the Socialist opponents who were deaf to Jaurès' persuasion and in whose eyes the judicial crime against Dreyfus would only have acquired importance had the victim been a proletarian; they stand on the other side.

At least, they had the involuntary merit of stimulating Jaurès by their opposition. His victory in the party committed him to action in the Chamber. So his fiery speech against General Mercier, now a Senator, which suddenly

revived the Dreyfus case, gave the signal for the final advance.

* * *

An unimportant incident, the examination of the mandate of a nationalist deputy who had attacked the "Dreyfus Government" in his electoral addresses, provided the outward motive. Jaurès broke into the deadly silence surrounding the Kaiser's *bordereau*. One of the members of the Rennes Court-Martial had hinted a few months before that secrecy and rumours had prejudiced the legality of the verdict. One could never return to the trial without hearing whispers of this Kaiser affair. It had never been openly and honourably discussed; it always took refuge in diplomatic danger. This, said Jaurès, was unworthy of a republican State. Treacherous and unapproachable, this alleged document had worked in the dark, had poisoned public opinion and influenced Justice and the Press in roundabout ways. He recalled the incident at Rennes when Mercier had brought it before the judges through the Press; he gave the names of the persons who stated that they had seen the Imperial comment with their own eyes; and he demanded an inquiry. The Chamber betrayed little interest; but André, the Minister for War, who was probably hoping for Jaurès' question himself,

promised to search even the most secret papers for the *bordereau annoté*. Of course, he did not find it. A genuine *bordereau* with a marginal note by the Kaiser had never existed; and Henry's and Esterhazy's forged copies had long since been withdrawn from circulation. But in the course of a very conscientious search, the Minister for War came upon the trace of other forgeries which, in themselves, were sufficient to justify a revision.

Dreyfus made a formal application; and once more the law took its course, very slowly but with exemplary thoroughness, for three weary years; the instruction of the case, public examination of the grounds for appeal, investigation *in camera* and finally the quashing of the verdict followed in regular sequence. Mercier's second set piece at the Rennes trial proved to be a forgery—Schwartzkoppen's letter to Panizzardi, written in the spring of 1894: "D. has brought me many interesting things". The letter was genuine, but the D. was not; Henry, or one of his men, had substituted it for a P. Henry had also altered the dates of receipt of a number of other documents, thereby enabling them to be used as evidence against Dreyfus. Czernuski's evidence, which had been regarded with suspicion from the first, fell to pieces, as his alleged informant made off in haste; there were also good

reasons for believing that the Serb had been paid for his statement out of General Staff funds. The Austrian Military Attaché, Schneider, whose accusing statement had been produced at Rennes, had afterwards withdrawn it.

Lebrun-Renault admitted that Dreyfus had never made any confession to him; and further declarations by Count von Münster left no doubt of his innocence. The accusation relating to the Staff College syllabus had already been withdrawn by the Ministry for War itself—unfortunately, not until after the verdict. Esterhazy's new confession on affidavit before the French Consul-General in London, was among the papers. Henry's safe gave up the documents which he had concealed from his chiefs in 1895 and 1896, pointing to Esterhazy as the traitor. The evidence which he had given at Cherche-Midi, had been very insecure since his suicide; now it fell to the ground altogether. It will be remembered that he relied for the support of his statements on an unnamed confidant in the diplomatic world, for whose integrity he vouched. This inviolable diplomat turned out to be a Spanish ex-attaché called Val Carlos who had come down in the world and for many months had been an agent in the pay of the Intelligence Section. In order to conceal this fact, Henry had erased Val Carlos' accounts from his books,

at General Gonse's instigation and with the help of Gribelin, a clerk of the Archives, who now confessed. The Prince of Monaco offered to make an affidavit; and declared that, in the course of a cruise in Scandinavia, the German Emperor had personally assured him of Captain Dreyfus' innocence. This statement also coincides with the archives of the German Foreign Office and is entirely confirmed by Eulenburg in his telegram of the 6th of July, 1899. Bertillon's graphological system was stigmatised by the most eminent mathematicians in the country as the last word in utter nonsense.

And Mercier, driven into the corner, finally made a formal admission that no genuine Kaiser's *bordereau* had ever existed.

XXII

BACK TO THE CHAMP DE MARS

XXII

BACK TO THE CHAMP DE MARS

It was enough; it would have been enough to acquit three men.

There, before the combined Benches of the Cour de Cassation, lay the result of three years of investigation; the last memorandum was unfolded and the last ink-blot exposed to the light of day. Barring a few details of Esterhazy's activities, there was no secret left. No more reasons of State were produced, no more official secrecy. Over the Dreyfus case shone light, light, yet more light. And not a mote of the accusation remained; all the fine tissue of evidence woven by Mercier's, du Paty's and Henry's cunning fingers, was worth no more than cobwebs that are swept away. The Cour de Cassation did not refer the case to another Court-Martial for re-trial; it no longer appeared to be necessary. They quashed the verdict of the Rennes Court-Martial on the grounds of error and illegality; declared this annulment to have the force of law; and ordered their decision to be proclaimed by poster in Paris and Rennes.

After the Rennes verdict, General de Galliffet had issued an Order of the Day to the Army which finished with the words: "*L'incident est*

clos". No. It was only now that the incident was closed; not until now was stability attained; now the time had come for old enmities to be cleared up.

All of them?

During a session of the Cour de Cassation, Mathieu Dreyfus offered his hand to Picquart, whom he had not seen since the quarrel in 1900; and Picquart turned his back upon him. On another occasion, as Maître Monnard, now counsel for the defence, extolled the noble character of the accused and, with a rhetorical gesture called upon Labori, who happened to be present, to confirm his words, the latter left the Court and slammed the door behind him. Hate, not only beyond the grave but beyond the resurrection. A hate, it will be admitted, that must weigh heavily in the scales of eternal justice to the credit of Captain Dreyfus' accusers and mitigate their sins of passion, too—much as they may have sinned. If fighting shoulder to shoulder and sharing the same martyrdom for the most inspiring things on earth; if sharing the ineffable experiences of a common fate is incapable of welding a handful of men indissolubly together for this little space of Time; then indeed, nature must have placed insuperable obstacles in the path of man's inner greatness; then the greatest crime against humanity, the

grimmest expression of hate, the most murderous deed of man against man, cannot deserve a merciless sentence of death.

* * *

The Cour de Cassation had spoken of the 12th of July; the verdict hardly caused a sensation. Whatever energy and interest the country and the world had to give the Dreyfus cause had already been given. The acquittal was something that had to come, one day. Even the chauvinist Press was comparatively quiet. With an overwhelming majority, the Chamber and the Senate voted gestures of reparation which, although they were accepted with satisfaction, were but feeble attempts, inadequate atonement for a monstrous crime. Scheurer-Kestner's bust was placed in the lobby; Dreyfus returned to the Army with the rank of Chef d'Escadron,[1] Picquart as a General. André, who had been, perhaps, the most radical helper of justice, had fallen some time before. In his excessive zeal, he had committed himself to the very questionable practice of keeping a watch on his officers through the Freemasons' lodges, with which he was intimate. The Chamber, having received information of these methods, was obliged to let

[1] Major (mounted branches).

him go in the autumn of 1904. On the day of Reparation, Eugène Étienne was Minister for War. Brisson, the President of the Chamber, whose services in the first stages of the Revision will be remembered, received an ovation in the House.

And when Mercier presumed to criticise the decisions regarding Dreyfus and Picquart in the decisive session of the Senate and even dared to mention the word "guilt", the House was speechless for a moment.

Then, in the icy silence, a Senator turned to Mercier and said:

"But you know, you ought to be in a penal colony."

There was a storm of applause; Mercier said nothing more. After all, it was a very platonic verdict.

About 445 Deputies and 185 Senators had voted for the reintegration of the two officers. The opposition in either House was about thirty votes.

* * *

A week later came the ceremony which, alone of all the rehabilitation, was more than a formality. Here, a film would interpolate a reminiscence, a terrible picture of a sombre day in January 1895. The courtyard of the École de

Guerre on the Champ de Mars; the badges torn away, the broken sword; the march around the hollow square and the cries of "Traitor!" from the mob. Now Dreyfus stands in the same courtyard to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He does not stand any straighter than he stood then, when Judas marched too well to please the yellow Press. Between then and now lies the prime of a man's life; and the young officer who stood there is bent and grey. Four years in a cage and twelve years of disgrace have set their mark upon him.

His face is almost immovable; one might discover in the photographs of the ceremony an expression of cold contempt for humanity. There are not many spectators; not nearly so many as there were at the *auto-da-fé* twelve years ago. Someone notices General Picquart's face in a window of the École de Guerre and cries out: "Vive Picquart!"

Picquart waves his hand deprecatingly—rather tired, rather indifferent.

* * *

On the 4th of June, 1898, Zola's remains were deposited in the Panthéon. Whilst Doumergue, the Minister for Education, was making his

speech, a man shot Dreyfus twice, wounding him slightly. On being interrogated, the assassin declared that he wished to strike, not at Dreyfus, but at the system. He was acquitted.

Between Dreyfus' arrest and Zola's national funeral, fifteen years had elapsed. A young man had been clapped into Cherche-Midi; it was a man of fifty who listened to Doumergue's panegyric in the Panthéon. Fifteen years had been cut out; the middle of his life had been stolen; the prime of his manhood outraged. Those responsible for the deed had declared that it did not matter; the honour of the Army was more important. What they actually meant was that the lie which should have protected them from exposure, was more important. It is not a joke that the forger Henry once quoted Marcus Aurelius, who subordinated the interests of an individual to those of the State, in disculpation of his crime. It is this maxim, degraded to the level of a catchword, that Her Majesty the Machine has always used to crush the impetus of Life. As if aught could be well with a State founded on the strangulation of its citizens. There *is* no State without the Rights of man; nor will any State be able to exist permanently in modern Europe that despises and flouts these Rights as the antithesis of its own existence.

Herewith the annals of the Dreyfus trial, for information: to those who dream of power to-day in Europe; to the Gods of Terror of the Right and the Left; to the dictators of the East, the Centre and the South.

THE CALENDAR OF THE DREYFUS CASE

THE CALENDAR OF THE DREYFUS CASE

1847

DECEMBER 16TH: Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy born.

1859

OCTOBER 10TH: Alfred Dreyfus born.

1893

DREYFUS, Probationer-Officer on the General Staff.

ESTERHAZY stationed in Rouen.

DECEMBER 3RD: Mercier appointed Minister for War.

1894

MARCH 14TH: New Field Artillery Manual issued.

MAY 17TH: General Staff Probationers excluded from participation in manœuvres.

MAY 20–25TH: Esterhazy attends Artillery Brigade Cadre Training.

AUGUST: the *bordereau* written.

AUGUST 5–12TH: Esterhazy attends Artillery exercises near Châlons.

SEPTEMBER 24TH (about): Commdt. Henry reports the discovery of the *bordereau*.

October 15th: Dreyfus arrested.

December 22nd: Dreyfus sentenced to transportation for life.

1895

January 5th: The Degradation.

January 6th: Diplomatic incident with Germany.

January 15th: Casimir-Périer, President of the Republic, resigns.

April 13th: Dreyfus arrives at Devil's Island.

July 1st: Picquart appointed Chief of the Intelligence Section.

1896

March: Picquart discovers the express letter to Esterhazy.

September 8th: Dreyfus put in irons on Devil's Island.

November 10th: The *Matin* publishes a photograph of the *bordereau*.

November 16th: Picquart transferred.

1897

End of June: Picquart hands over his material to Maître Leblois.

July 13th: Leblois visits Scheurer-Kestner.

October 23rd: The plot in Montsouris Park.

November 11–12th: Picquart receives the "Speranza" and "Blanche" telegrams in Tunisia.

November 15th: Mathieu Dreyfus lays information against Esterhazy.

November 25th: Picquart returns to Paris.

November 28th: The *Figaro* publishes Esterhazy's private letters.

1898

January 10–11th: Trial and acquittal of Esterhazy.

January 13th: Picquart sentenced to 60 days' close arrest. Zola's "J'Accuse" published.

January 30th: Picquart attends a Court of Inquiry; his dismissal problematical.

February 7th: Zola trial commences.

February 12th: Henry hints at the "Kaiser's *bordereau*."

February 15th: The Deputy Millevoye explains his hints.

February 17th: Pellieux's evidence on the *document Vercingetorix*.

February 23rd: Zola found guilty and sentenced.

February 26th: Picquart dismissed the Service.

July 7th: Cavaignac reads the *document Vercingetorix* in the Chamber.

July 12th: Esterhazy arrested.

July 13th: Picquart re-arrested.

July 18th: Zola takes refuge in England.

August 12th: Esterhazy liberated.

August 13th: Cuignet discovers Henry's forgery.

August 30th: Henry confesses. Boisdeffre resigns.

August 31st: Henry commits suicide. Esterhazy dismissed the Service on the recommendation of a Court of Inquiry.

September 3rd: Madame Dreyfus petitions for an appeal.

September 4th: Cavaignac resigns. Zurlinden Minister for War.

September 12th: Du Paty retires on half-pay.

September 17th: Zurlinden resigns. Chanoine Minister for War.

September 21st: Picquart indicted for forgery.

October 29th: The Criminal Bench of the Cour de Cassation decides that there are grounds for an appeal.

1899

February 16th: Death of Félix Faure, President of the Republic.

February 18th: Loubet President of the Republic.

February 28th: Faculty for dealing with the Dreyfus case withdrawn from the Criminal Bench.

June 3rd: Cour de Cassation quashes the verdict against Dreyfus.

June 4th: Baron de Christiani assaults the President of the Republic.

June 12th: Picquart released.

June 22nd: Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry.

AUGUST 7TH: Court-Martial at Rennes commences.

AUGUST 12TH: Mercier drops hints about the "Kaiser's *bordereau*".

AUGUST 14TH: Attempted assassination of Labori.

SEPTEMBER 8TH: Declaration in the *Reichsanzeiger*.

SEPTEMBER 9TH: Dreyfus sentenced for the second time.

SEPTEMBER 19TH: Dreyfus pardoned. Scheurer-Kestner dies.

1900

JANUARY 28TH: Mercier elected Senator.

MAY 28TH: General André Minister for War.

JUNE 2ND: The Amnesty.

1902

JUNE 8TH: Combes' Ministry.

SEPTEMBER 30TH: Zola dies.

1903

APRIL 6TH: Jaurès demands an inquiry on the "Kaiser's *bordereau*", in the Chamber.

NOVEMBER 26TH: Dreyfus petitions for a revision.

1904

The Criminal Bench considers the appeal.

NOVEMBER 10TH: General André, Minister for War, resigns.

1905

JANUARY 23RD: Rouvier's Ministry.

1906

FEBRUARY 18TH: Fallières President of the Republic.

MARCH 13TH: Sarrien-Clemenceau Ministry.

JULY 12TH: Cour de Cassation declares Dreyfus innocent. Its decision has the force of a law.

JULY 13TH: Dreyfus promoted *Chef d'Escadron*; Picquart promoted General.

JULY 22ND: Dreyfus receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

OCTOBER 25TH: Clemenceau Minister-President; Picquart Minister for War.

1908

Zola's remains interred in the Panthéon. Dreyfus shot at and wounded.

1914

JANUARY 19TH: Picquart dies.

1918

SEPTEMBER 26TH: Dreyfus promoted Lieutenant-Colonel.

1923

MAY 21ST: Esterhazy dies.

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